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Vol. CLIX No. 2078 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC NOVEMBER 18 1939


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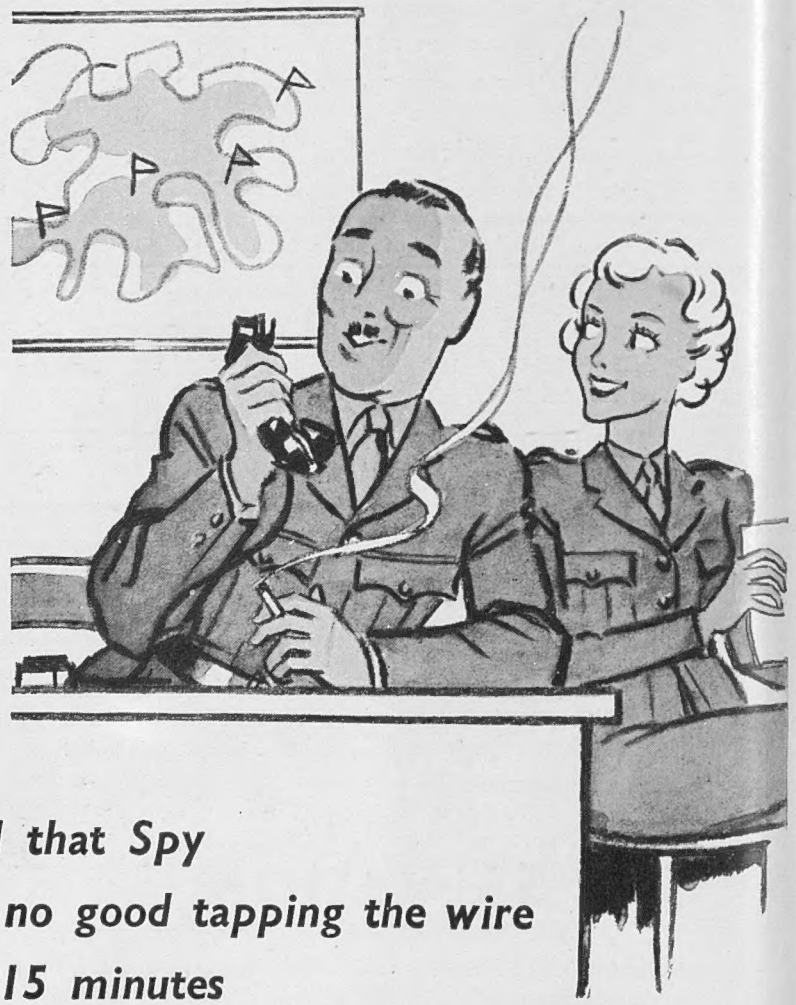

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Volume CLIX No. 2078



THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, November 18, 1939

# DEATH TO THE U-BOATS:

## The Depth-Charge Throwers At Work on a British Destroyer

Mr. Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, in his broadcast speech on Sunday evening, emphasised the fact that we had been given ten weeks in which to improve our position, and thus our anti-submarine forces were three times stronger now than at the opening of September. He also referred to the main British Fleet, which is the subject of a special section in this issue (*see* pp. 210–219). "They have not chosen," he said, "to molest the British Fleet, which has awaited their attack in the Firth of Forth during the last week; they recoil from the steel front of the French Army along the Maginot Line; but their docile conscripts are being crowded in vast numbers upon the frontiers of Holland and Belgium. Now the mists and storms of winter wrap our island and make continuous bombing attack of military objectives far more difficult. We have also a marked advantage in the higher range of science applied to war, and this is improving with every week that passes. I do not doubt myself that time is on our side. I go so far as to say that if we come through the winter without any large or important event occurring we shall in fact have gained the first campaign of the war, and we shall be able to set about our task in the spring far stronger, better organised, and better armed than ever before"

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THE QUEEN BROADCASTS FROM BUCKINGHAM PALACE TO THE WOMEN OF THE EMPIRE ON SATURDAY

"I know it is not so difficult to do the big things, but these tasks are not for every woman. . . . It is the thousand and one worries and irritations in carrying on war-time life in ordinary homes which are often so hard to bear. . . . It is, after all, for our homes and their security that we are fighting. . . ."

# A War Newsletter—

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 15, 1939.

## IN THE BEER CELLAR.—

Not even my loathing for Hitler and all his gangsters will allow me to approve of assassination or bomb-throwing. It is a vile and invariably ineffective political weapon which hoists the assassin and his faction on their own petard. Hitler in my view is better dead and in His good time God will get bored with him, as long since civilised man has done. But if a cowardly assassin makes himself God's instrument of vengeance, Hitler will be deified for ever and his crimes will never be brought home to him in his own country. No doubt at all but the bungling attempt was planned by Mr. Chamberlain with Jewish money and probably executed in person and a false beard by Mr. Churchill who was dropped by a parachute near Munich. Indeed, there is clear proof of this, and it will serve no useful purpose for our Government "categorically to deny" it. If indeed the explosion was due to human agency opposed to Hitler, only one point of justification can be found for it. If it deter Hitler and his gangsters from venturing again into public halls or beer cellars to make more such atrocious oratorical exhibitions of themselves and of all they stand for, then for the time the world will be a very slightly less noisome pest-house. Compare Lord Halifax's speech with Hitler's and judge of Nazi culture and the Nazis' desire for peace.

THE SPECIAL NAVAL SECTION IN THIS ISSUE *deals, the editor would point out, specially with the big ships and the cruisers which keep watch and ward from the North. The big ships, especially, have the hard task of waiting. Their task is described in special articles and pictures*

## PEACE PLANS.—

No combatant is likely to turn a deaf ear to proposals for peace, certainly not from so pure a source as King Leopold and Queen Wilhelmina. Their intervention as intermediaries to an end so much desired has always been appreciated and highly valued and much hope has been set upon it if given at a favourable juncture. That juncture can only be favourable when it is felt that the divergence between the peace and war aims of the combatants is less wide than to-day it is. The Allies have clearly and repeatedly stated their aims and will no doubt do so again, if Lord Halifax's noble speech on November 7 is not enough. He said in effect that to take heed to the thing that is right shall bring a man (and the nations) peace at the last. In other words, it is "to redeem Europe from the perpetual and recurring fear of German aggression and to enable the peoples of Europe to preserve their independence and their liberties," that the Allies have reluctantly and relentlessly taken up arms. King Leopold is his father's son. He will not have forgotten the tragedy of Belgium in 1914–18. He can hardly have forgotten the fate of Poland in 1939, and his father's son can hardly imagine that the "hardships" of nine weeks of paper war have so altered British and French opinion that the Allies are now prepared to forget Poland, to go back on their war aims, and to patch up another "Munich." It remains therefore to consider if King Leopold had good reason to suppose that the change of heart, so essential to the success of any peace proposals, is to be found in Germany. Well, no doubt he heard Hitler's beer-cellar cat-calls. That the Nazis have not hitherto found the war going "according to plan" we very well know. That they would snatch at any chance to call it off and avert the inevitable disaster is abundantly clear. And, without a doubt, the clearest proof of all that their hearts are not changed is the inner history leading up to this offer of mediation now made. German troops are massed on the Dutch frontier. Nazi propaganda in the familiar way is beginning to threaten two more small and innocent nations. No one doubts that it was Nazi pressure which suggested to the Queen and King that this moment is apt for peace proposals. "Either you get us out of the war or we get you into it." That does not suggest a Nazi change of heart, but merely a Nazi loss of confidence. Who can blame small nations menaced with their lives if they respond even to blackmail so crude? Yet it is throwing away uselessly a valuable chance of mediation at a later and more favourable moment to employ those services in the face of clear evidence that the Nazis are still . . . Nazis. We shall seriously consider any means at any time to end the imbecility of war and to obtain life and security for the human race. But while we consider, we shall not relax our efforts and our watchfulness, and neither will Holland and Belgium. It is a tremendous gamble which the great gambler is now considering as a means of snatching his private chestnuts out of the fire.

## GROWLS OF THE BEAR.—

The growls of the Russian Bear spare none and please none. It is a new manifestation, for in the noisy years last past the silence of Russia gave her a dignity and mystery denied to other great powers and a respect from Europe which she has not lately maintained. It must be hard for Nazi Germany to hear, so soon after Ribbentrop's great diplomatic triumphs, a clear call from the Soviet leaders to the Communists of the Reich to rise in revolt against their proletarian and capitalist government. If we in Britain endure the castigation of tongue more philosophically, it is because we are inured to bitter criticism and know that hard words break no bones; and we have less reason to expect and less cause to need favours from Russia. Moreover, the clarion call to Communists all over Europe reaches but a small audience in Britain. But, Communist or proletarian, we take note of Russia's declaration of unalterable neutrality and of her very evident disapprobation of all systems and ideologies but her own.

## "QUO VADIS?"—

The question is addressed to all the directors of propaganda among the combatants. Whither is the art or technique you practise leading? Quite certainly to that spirit of unappeasable bitterness which by 1919 had made inevitable the Treaty of Versailles. Are the results obtained from day to day worth this ultimate disaster? It is very difficult to believe that they are. Wars in the past have been fought with dignity; no doubt they have always been fought with bitterness and must engender bitterness; but there are a score of instances which can be adduced to prove that such bitterness has soon died down after hostilities and that respect for a brave enemy has influenced the terms of peace. If we all go on as we are doing now, no such quick end to hatred and bitterness will be possible. There is in Conan Doyle's *Rodney Stone* a very well written description of prize-fighting, when it was declining from its noblest phase about the period of Trafalgar. There still, brave and manly and pure, were the fighting-men of the Ring, out to do battle for the glory of their home counties; but all round them was a circle of squawling, brawling crooks, blackguards, toughs, and gamblers, ready at any moment to break the Ring, if things went ill for their betting books, to maim a champion, to sling mud and stones, to lie, to cheat, and to cat-call. And these blackguards brought infamy to the good name of the Ring and in the end killed a noble sport. The simile is not perfect. War, if it ever was a noble sport, has long ceased to be so. It is a tragic imbecility. But still, as of old, youth and courage, with pure ideals and noble motives, risk their lives for their countries and homes; and to-day, as never before, the blackguards scream insults round them, and mix a fouler atmosphere with the reek of their breaths and the stench of their dirty smoke. Turn back the pages of the past year. If the printed page lived beyond its day, what would Virginio Gayda feel to-day of embarrassment for the thousand unrestrained, bitter insults which he hurled at France and Britain, at the thousand assurances which he gave on behalf of Mussolini that Italy would fight beside Germany if Germany

AFTER A TALK IN FRANCE MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL BROADCAST TO THE NATION ON SUNDAY EVENING

"I shall not attempt to prophesy whether the frenzy of a cornered maniac will drive Herr Hitler into the worst of all his crimes; but this I will say without a doubt, that the fate of Holland and Belgium, like that of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Austria, will be decided by the victory of the British Empire and the French Republic"

# No. XI

engaged in war with the Allies for any cause whatsoever. What would the equally bitter and much dirtier German propagandists feel if there were read out to their own people their articles and speeches attacking only a few months ago, and in the foulest terms, every feature of the Soviet régime.

## LYING DOESN'T PAY.—

Has Goebbels gained for Germany among the neutrals one iota of benefit from the *Athenia* myth or the Polish poison-gas myth? Have his efforts to detach the French from the British moved a single Poilu to wrinkle his brow in doubt instead of to laugh or yawn? Have our publicists and propagandists, in their efforts to counter him, persuaded one single neutral to take a different view of the singleness and integrity of Nazi leaders, by disseminating (for example) the Knickerbocker disclosures or the tale of Göring's secret butter supply? Do the combatants in Europe, in this deadly struggle, ever pause to think of the unparalleled decline in dignity which marks the war and of how that decline to gaminism may strike certain smaller nations to which we deny a full measure of the culture of greater powers? What does an intelligent African native think of this war of dirty paper, what the cultured Brahmin or the Chinaman with his great traditions of culture and restraint? We must no doubt go on contradicting lies and nailing down outrageous libels, so long as the mere fabrication of a lie may lead to some flagrant breach of the conventions of civilised war "by way of reprisal." But need we go to work with the weapons of a Goebbels and broadcast the contents of our own dustbins? Is it too late to cry a halt on our side to the exchange of garbage and to introduce a note of dignity and restraint into our counter-propaganda. I do not think our fighting men would complain of the change of policy, and our children might benefit in the end from an earlier and longer period of peace and security after this war is over. Little Goebbels in his first bright talk to German youth told them:—"There is no necessity for us to counter lies with lies. We know the truth will always come out on top. We give nothing, then, but the naked truth. If, owing to puerile shyness, people abroad are ashamed of propaganda, I myself am not too shy to make use of it." It is a rare instance of little Goebbels speaking the naked truth. There *is* no necessity to counter lies with lies, nor garbage with garbage, nor even lies with truth. The truth does always come out on top. The nation that screams the oftenest and loudest gives most away and has most to conceal. The little master of mud slinging is not a master of camouflage. The more he hides his secret places under heaps of refuse, the quicker they are spotted. And the detestation which neutral countries feel for the crudity and indignity of this propaganda war is clearly realised by Goebbels in that last sentence of his which I have quoted. The inevitable reaction has already set in. If I am certain of one thing it is that after this war the word propaganda (in this sense) will go out of fashion as completely as did black satin when Mrs. Manning elected to be hanged in black satin.

## M. MAX.—

For twenty years I have deluded myself and my friends with the story that I had the honour to be embraced by M. Max. It appears to be a delusion. Who then kissed me through his beard, at about the same time that Cardinal Mercier blessed me? It was on that golden day in October, 1918, when King Albert and his family (our own King, George VI, riding with him) came back to his own, to Brussels, when the Germans were on the run. I had the luck to be chosen by my overlord of the time, a colonel-who-could-get-anywhere, to go with him on a business-joy-ride into Brussels and for a time we were about the only British officers in the streets. We received from the Belgians (most undeservedly) a welcome fit for gods and saviours. We were hurried into the Chamber and saw the ceremony with our Netherlands minister and Lady Susan Townley; we were certainly blessed by the Cardinal and, I have always believed, embraced by M. Max. I suppose it was his bearded deputy; for every obituary declares that M. Max did not escape from prison till after the armistice. Anyway, kiss me or no, he was a great man, a selfless patriot, a great Belgian and of the heroic mould.

**THE CENOTAPH DREW CROWDS TO WHITEHALL ON ARMISTICE DAY**

Although there was no official ceremony in Whitehall on Saturday of last week, crowds gathered for the two minutes silence. This picture was taken just after the pause. Instinctively the buses came to a standstill here and in Piccadilly Circus as shown in the lower picture. The official desire that no big crowds should gather anywhere did not check the public recognition of the men who gave their lives for their country

## PUBLIC SCHOOL COSTS.

—The public schools felt the economic blizzard of the first War Budget so quickly that one is inclined to ask how much of the repercussion was due to tempest and how much to mere "wind." I was told of one modern public school in the west which has already heard from 20 per cent. of its parents who have intimated, either by a warning or by withdrawal of their boys, that the fees have now become beyond their means. The older and most expensive public schools have so far suffered least. At Eton not much more than 1 per cent. of the parents have hitherto issued the warning, but the authorities are very much alive to the absolute necessity of reducing fees somehow. Eton claims that she offers more than others in extra tuition, and is almost the only school which maintains the separate-room-for-every-boy system. None the less, at Eton "avenues are already being explored," and there is no doubt at all that there must be a cutting down of staff, a reduction in extra subjects, and probably the introduction of communal meals instead of House catering. All this will take time, for it strikes at the whole basis of House-mastership, and raises questions of suitable buildings. The problem of retrenchment and reform not only in fees but in the educational syllabus is indeed at long last being tackled seriously, and there is reason to hope that some good may after all come out of the imbecility of war. For ten years at least such reforms have cried to heaven. There is an immense deal of redundancy, complication and outworn convention to be cleared away if public-school education is to survive another generation. None of the unnecessary frills affect at all what is good in the great system. On the contrary.

THE OLD STAGER

**LONDON WELCOMES A NEW LORD MAYOR, BUT HAS NO PROCESSION EXCEPT A COUPLE OF MOTOR-CYCLISTS**

Not for 109 years has there been a Lord Mayor of London installed without a City procession, but this year Sir William Coxen (Billingsgate Ward) made his statutory declaration at the Law Courts without any symbolical cars or Epping Foresters in attendance. He is here seen (on left) with his predecessor, Sir Frank Bowater (on right)

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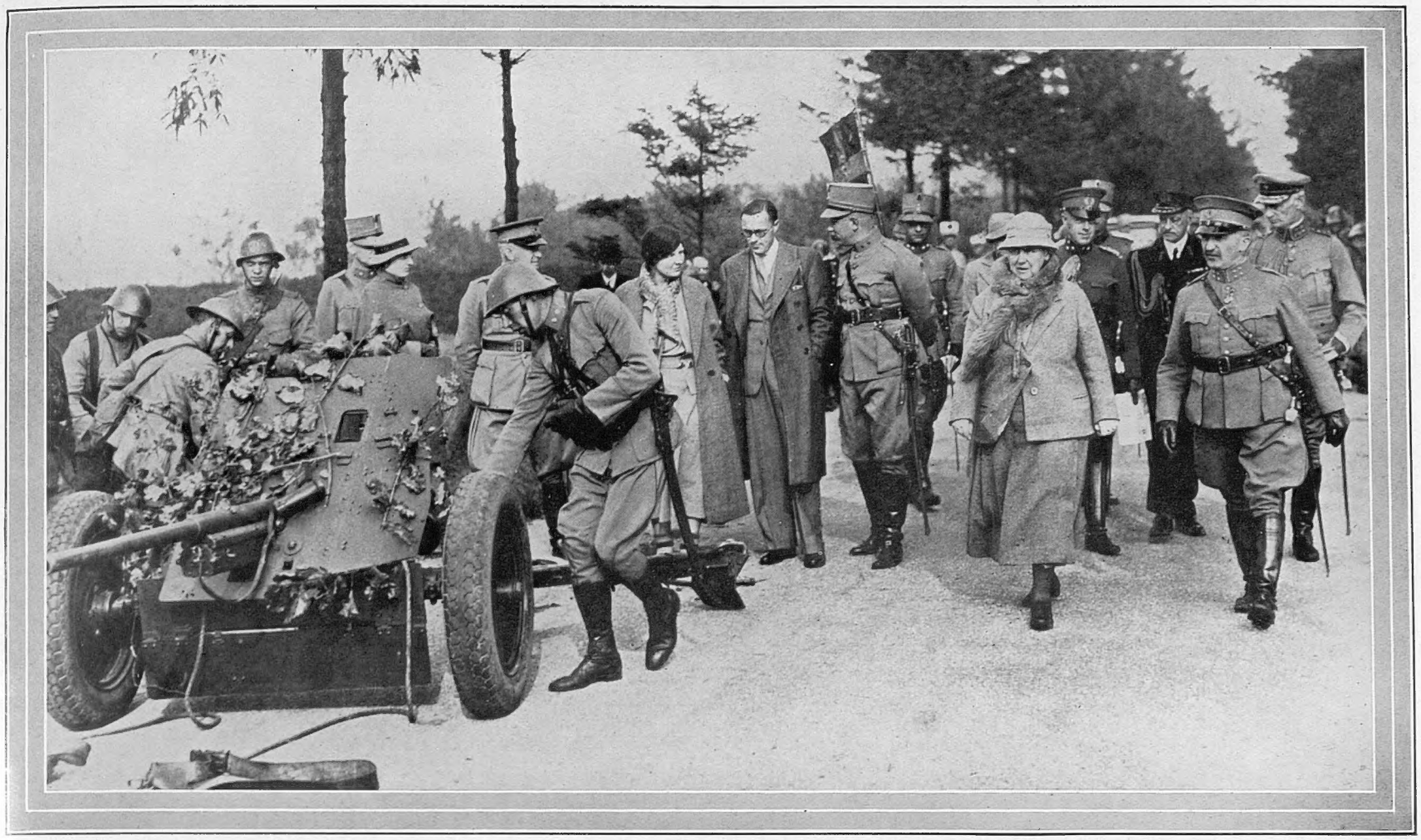
## WHAT HITLER JUST MISSED IN MUNICH THE RUINED BEER HALL AFTER THE NOW FAMOUS BOMB EXPLOSION

On Wednesday of last week Herr Hitler was due to speak in a Munich Beer Hall in celebration of his ill-fated Putsch in 1923. Fifteen minutes after he had left the Hall (usually he stayed for some time after his annual speech to chat with "old comrades") a bomb exploded in a room above the spot where Hitler had been standing, and nine people were killed and many seriously injured. Had the bomb exploded earlier there can be little doubt but that many prominent Nazi leaders would have suffered, and had Hitler remained—as he usually did—after his speech, he, too, might have been amongst them. The above picture was received in London from Munich on November 14. It shows the completely collapsed ceiling, with pillars temporarily shoring up what remains of the roof, to prevent injury to the rescue parties working among the debris.

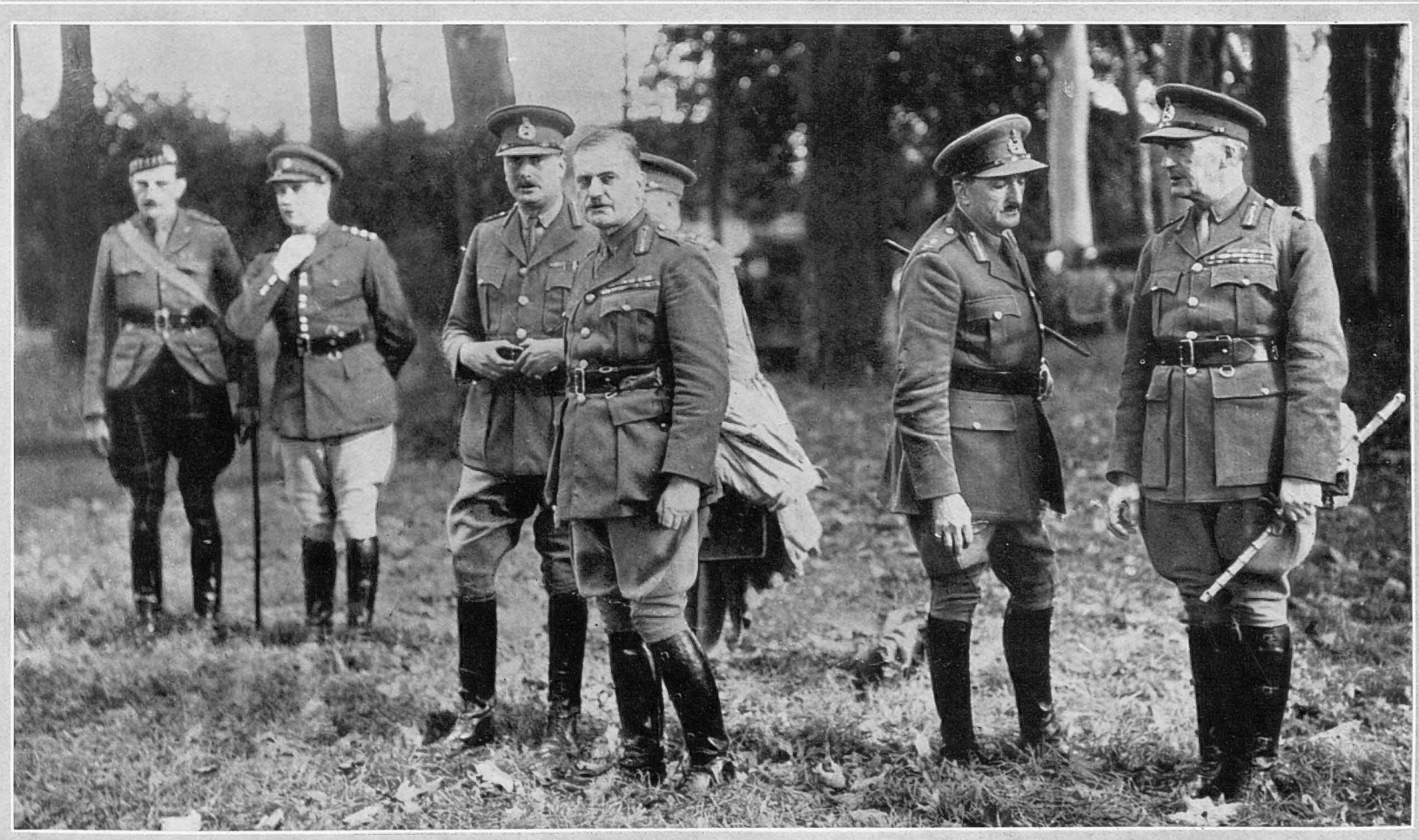
## A CASUALTY OF THE NAVAL WAR—THE WRECK OF THE NORWEGIAN "MIM" BATTERED BY THE SEAS

Whilst on her way to the Contraband Base at Kirkwall in the Orkneys, the Norwegian steamer *Mim* (of 4,996 tons) ran aground during a storm. The steamer is now rapidly being pounded to pieces by the terrific seas, and is becoming a total wreck. The *Mim's* crew and the naval ratings who had been placed aboard her were taken off by lifeboat after a radio S O S. Earlier, eleven of the crew and five British ratings had landed safely on an island—they, too, were picked up by the lifeboat and carried to safety. The *Mim* was loaded with grain, and she was being navigated by her Master when she ran aground. In the picture reproduced above, the *Mim* is shown on the rocks—a helpless hulk, completely at the mercy of the terrific waves which are sweeping her from stem to stern, and quickly battering her to pieces.



## THE THREAT OF WAR IN HOLLAND—THE DUTCH ROYAL FAMILY INSPECT HOLLAND'S DEFENCES

Last week's big sensation was the Nazi threat to peaceable Holland. After long and strenuous denials it seemed as if—at long last—the Germans were going to violate the neutrality of the Low Countries in their endeavour to secure bases to carry out their blood-curdling threats against Britain. The Dutch acted promptly; and it soon became apparent that Germany was going to have no walk-over in the event of invasion. After a week-end of acute crisis the German Government produced one of their famous "assurances" to "respect the neutrality of Belgium and Holland"—on Germany's terms. The attitude of their Royal Family has been a great solace to the Dutch people during this trying time. In this picture are seen Queen Wilhelmina, Princess Juliana, and Prince Bernhard on a tour of inspection of some of the country's defences.



## THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER IN FRANCE—A TOUR OF INSPECTION WITH THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF'S STAFF

Almost as soon as war was declared, the Duke of Gloucester joined the first British contingent to leave for France. Always the soldier of the family, the Duke has made the Army his career—despite that this was at one time threatened when other and more urgent duties were placed on his shoulders shortly after King George VI had acceded to the throne. For years the Duke of Gloucester made his home at Aldershot: he must be happy to be out in France in the midst of the troops he understands so well. The Duke is at British Headquarters in the Field where he is serving as Liaison Officer. In the picture reproduced above he is seen with other officers of the staff of Lord Gort, the Commander-in-Chief, on a tour of inspection during a visit to the forward sector of the British lines, discussing the movements of troops and equipment.

**THE INFANTRY CARRY ON IN SPITE OF A SPOT OF RAIN IN HAMPSHIRE**

Dangling bayonet and gas mask, these stalwart young men of Britain's new Infantry plough through the mud and slush with the disregard for comfort of Old Soldiers

**THE R.A.S.C. DISGUISE THEMSELVES DURING A MOVEMENT THROUGH WOODY COUNTRY**

The four-legged beasts are not ousted altogether from the Army. The R.A.S.C. still have horses and mules—they are particularly fond of "Hitler" and "Göring" (*on right*)

# ALL BRANCHES OF THE ARMY ARE NOW BUSY

BOMB THROWING IS AN ART WHICH HAS TO BE ACQUIRED

A nice rhythmic action is necessary for the perfect throw — one must not cling too long to the bomb

HE'L BE THERE ON TIME IN SPITE OF THE WET GOING

And these men with pick and shovel will acquire technique in the art of trench cutting

THE SAPPERS ARE HAVING A GOOD TIME — THEY HAVE SUCH GOOD MATERIAL TO WORK WITH

Here are some sappers seeing a lorry safely across a wide river on special rafts constructed of several pontoons

# What Has Gone Wrong With the German Higher Control?

*The Hitler Method Seems To Have Lost Its Efficacy Since Poland (The Strategy of the War—VIII)*

By GENERAL SIR CHARLES HARINGTON, G.C.B., G.B.E., D.S.O., D.C.L.

ALTHOUGH many things have happened, or have been expected to happen, during the past week, there is still little or nothing to report from the Western Front. Guy Fawkes Day did not even induce Hitler to any fireworks, nor did Armistice Day. One rather thought that his mentality might choose that day for some marking of the occasion. To those of us who remember that 11 a.m. on November 11, 1918, it is difficult to realise that we are at war again, with the same enemy.

I was a humble member of the Army Council at that time and we went as a body at 12 noon to pay our respects to King George V at Buckingham Palace, and he took us out on to the balcony to see the crowds below. A sight one can never forget, of thousands and thousands of thankful people, not one of whom ever expected to see war again, and that only twenty-one years ago.

There was something very moving in the address given by the Dean from the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey on Armistice Day. We felt that we were standing in the very midst of those million "little white crosses." It is a terrible thought if we have failed them. Twenty-one years ago we never thought that such a thing was possible. Let us hope that with God's help and by our trust in Him we shall see light before long beyond the present darkness, and that the present generation, by carrying on the torch and example of the million, may lead us forward to the better and happier world which we long to see. The Queen's talk to the women of the Empire on Armistice night went right home. It was quite beautiful and must have inspired both women and men.

It looks as if the much advertised sledge-hammer attack against the Maginot Line in winter has been postponed indefinitely. I have for weeks pronounced it as unlikely. I wonder if we shall ever know the true reason for it being abandoned? Surely we were right in thinking that Hitler called in Stalin at the start in order to finish off the Poles quickly, and thus enable him to stage a big offensive on the Western Front before the weather broke? I cannot believe that the divisions he used in Poland can have taken all this time to refit.

In my opinion something went wrong with the higher control. Possibly his generals made him see reason and made him hold his hand, or it may be that other things have turned out contrary to his expectations. I like to think that I am looking at Hitler from my favourite seat at the top of the pavilion at Lord's behind the bowler's arm, and that I am watching him try to play a googly bowler on a bad wicket. Each ball when it hits the ground seems to go off in the direction which he never expected.

He is certainly not having a very happy innings. Stalin went off to the Baltic, Turkey made a firm friendship with England, the U.S.A. took off the arms embargo, Norway bagged the *City of Flint*. His best friends in Italy all got moved in a game of musical chairs, and the British Dominions are preparing some surprise in the air for him later on. These are all instances of his being beaten by the googly. I am not impressed by his stand at the wicket. It doesn't look to me very secure. He has adopted what is called a "two-eyed" stance. No doubt he has been forced to do so as he has always to keep one eye on his partner Stalin for fear he might run him out at any moment.

There are other things which must be worrying him at the moment. Losing nine machines out of twenty-seven when the twenty-seven were only attacked by nine French fighters, none of which was damaged, is not encouraging for him. His bag last week of only three British ships and a total capture of less that 1½ per cent. of our total tonnage afloat can only point one way. Added to this M. Molotoff seems to have stated quite definitely that no effort to draw Russia into the war can succeed. It certainly looks, therefore, as if he has got to play the whole game alone, which he boasted originally that he would do, but he, nevertheless, called in his friend Stalin a few days afterwards. Apparently he cannot do that again and it is not clear who he can ring up next.

Whilst not for one moment under-estimating the power and determination of that great nation and its capacity for endurance, one is justified in thinking that the Allies have manœuvred themselves into the stronger position, or is it that Hitler has manœuvred himself out of several favourable openings? Time alone can show, but by sea, land and air and economically we appear to be in a position to await with calm determination whatever he may at this time be preparing. We cannot do better than follow the example of the late Burgomaster Max of Brussels who met the German onrush in 1914 with such calm and dignity.

As I write, the situation regarding Finland is uncertain, but it still seems as if some terms will be arranged. It is clear that the Scandinavian powers and Holland and Belgium cannot be swept aside like the Baltic States. They stand for bigger things. It is also clear that the Balkan States are talking seriously between themselves, and that Italy has made an agreement recently with Greece. The Balkan States are no doubt watching Stalin's moves in the Baltic very closely. It would seem that the Balkan bloc is getting stronger, and we have every faith in the goalkeeper, Turkey.

Since I last wrote, a great deal has happened. The splendid effort of King Leopold of Belgium and Queen Wilhelmina in the cause of peace has been announced. The whole world applauds their action. It is just one of those delightful things which happen in life. It is evidence of two people who feel the present situation very deeply and who are not discouraged by their previous effort. Their countries may be in danger but that is not their only worry. They are both prepared to face whatever is before them, but they want to make a last and sincere appeal to the belligerents to cry "Halt. Let us think again."

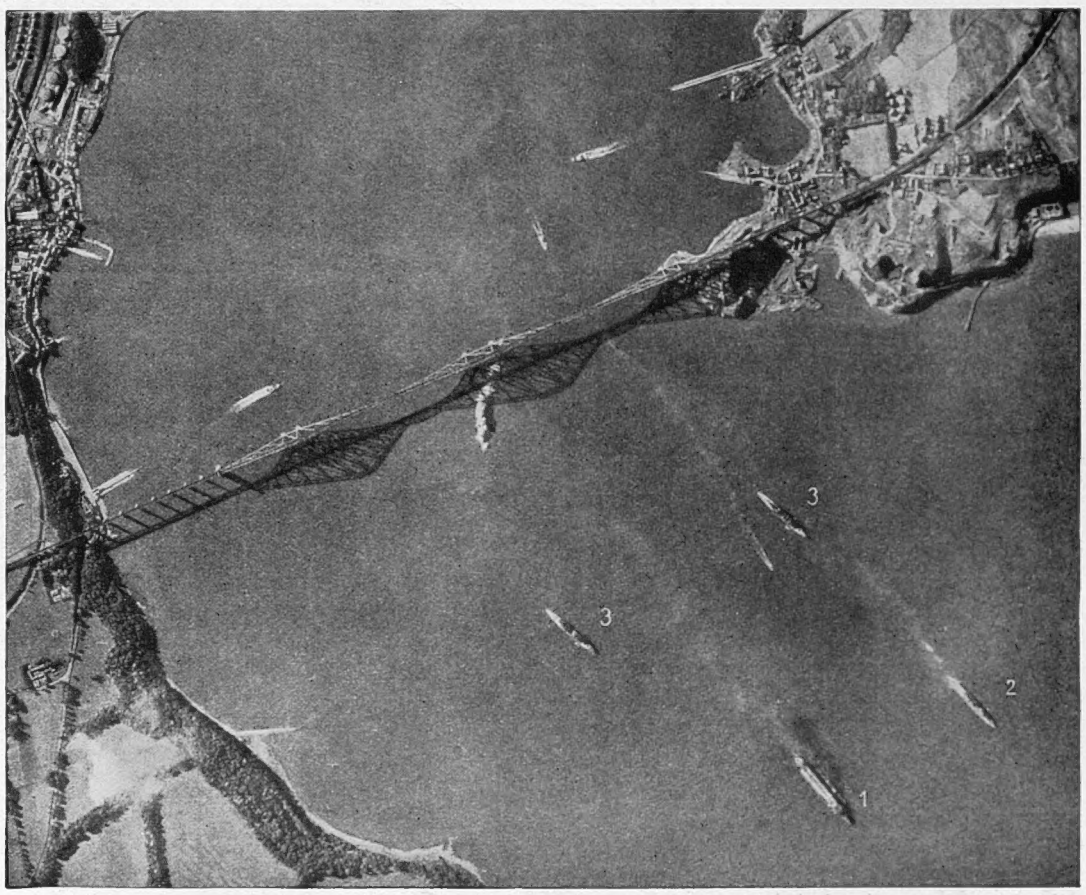
I like to think of that young king. He was a schoolboy when I met him, when Lord Plumer and I had tea with his gallant father at Coxyde close to the Belgian frontier in April, 1918, when we had lost Passchendaele, Messines and Kemmel and the Germans had penetrated through Bailleul to Meteren, and when we were in a truly desperate situation and were busy digging a defensive line in rear in order to defend the Channel ports. Our left flank was still joined up with the Belgian right at Boesinghe. That gallant king said, "I will not retire one yard," and he did not. His son is made of the same stuff.

It was a curious thing that Lord Halifax should have been making his broadcast on the situation at the very moment that the peace effort of King Leopold and Queen Wilhelmina was coming through. He set forth clearly the reasons why we are, much against our will, at war. It is none of our seeking, and God knows we did everything in our power to avoid it. As I write, the great issue is under discussion and our Ministers are at the moment discussing it with France, but from whatever angle one examines the situation, one always comes up against the same problem.

How can one trust Hitler? He has broken every word of honour, every pledge which he has ever given. There is no one who could or would go bail for him. His own speech in the beer cellar on November 8 seems to have contained his own reply to the peace efforts and to make it clear that he is, from now onwards, determined to concentrate on the destruction of Britain. He has no grievance against France. He is only sorry for France in having joined with such untrustworthy people as the British.

Is his word of honour to Belgium and Holland to observe their neutrality just going overboard like his other words of honour? It is possible that all this attention to the Western Front and to Holland and Belgium is being put up as a smoke screen whilst he is engineering mischief in quite another direction. Is it possible that he would like to see Rumania suffer the fate of Poland? The transfer of Transylvania to Hungary, Dobrudja to Bulgaria, and Bessarabia to Russia in return for supplies and some form of alliance, would undoubtedly reduce Rumania to impotence. It is only because he is so sure that he cannot be starved out and talks now of five years, that all means by which he could get supplies of food, oil and material must be examined. He is capable of parcelling up any country or countries to his own advantage.

It may be that the imminent threat to Holland and Belgium, which has succeeded in frightening everyone except Holland and Belgium, has been worked up purposely and that these concentrations of troops with cavalry included are going to remain there throughout the winter, and that Hitler's policy by land may be to say to the Allies, "If you want Poland you had better come and get it." Such a policy is possible in this strangest of wars. The only thing is that the Allies can afford to "sit"




**THE NAZIS' OWN PICTURE OF THE RAID ON THE FIRTH OF FORTH**

This picture was made by one of the Nazi airmen who recently attacked the British Fleet lying in the Firth of Forth: it was taken with a special long focus aerial camera and published in the *Berliner Illustrirte Zeitung*. Note the slender thread which is all the target the Forth Bridge offers. In the middle, beneath the second pier from the left, is the Inchgarrie Island. The four British warships seen below the bridge are (1) the aircraft-carrier *Furious* and (2 and 3) British light cruisers. The whitish puff in the extreme bottom left hand corner is the feather of a British anti-aircraft gun opening fire on the raiders

I am sure our whole nation was moved by Mr. Winston Churchill's straightforward statement in the House. How true his speeches ring. He hides nothing from the public, unless it would be of use to the enemy. He warns us of the risks which have to be taken, more especially at sea, and he warns us of the magnitude of the task before us, and he leaves us with reason for good hope. He spoke at a moment when I think that there is every necessity for the nation to take a pull at itself.

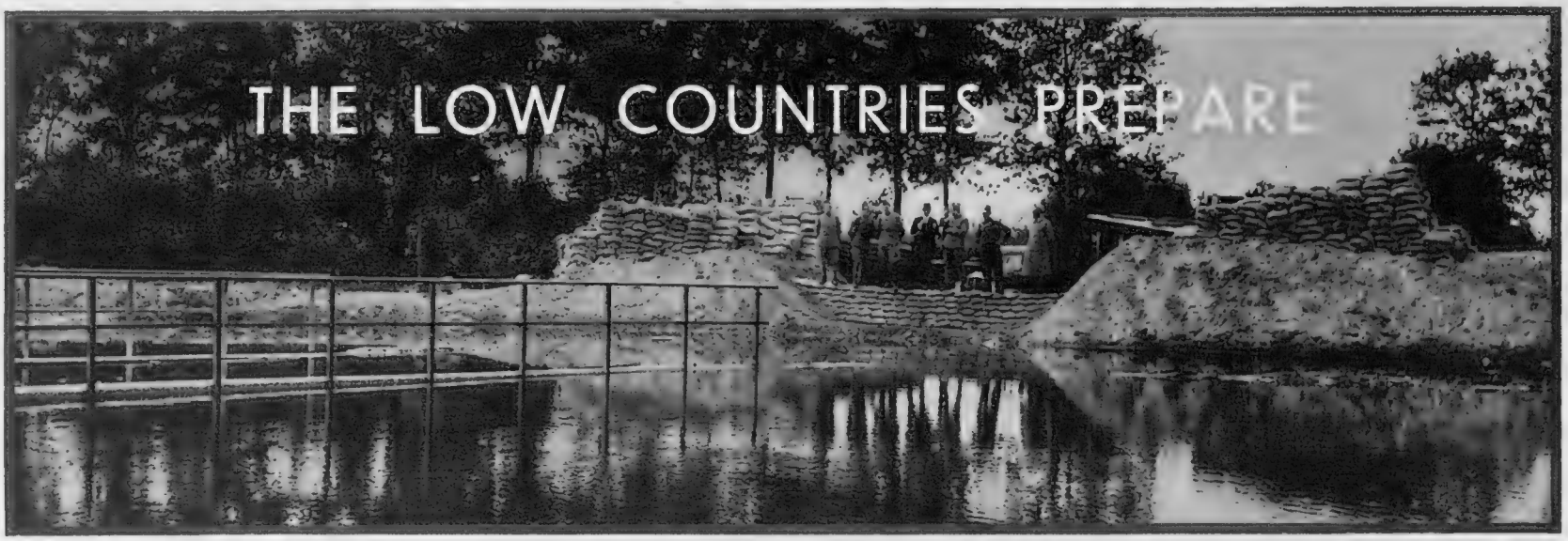
Because things do not appear to have favoured Hitler in several matters and because we have not been so far attacked on the Western Front and because we are naturally pleased with our progress by sea and air, we must not for one moment forget that we are only at the beginning of a long and terrible task. The great and formidable German nation can never be even thought of lightheartedly as we know to our cost. We have many things to be thankful for, especially in our present preparedness and our future means of production, but the real task has scarcely begun.

# THE ALLIED COMMANDERS DISCUSS DETAILS OF THE SIEGFRIED LINE

**From a Drawing by F. Matania**

Viscount Gort, Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France, is here pictured by our artist, F. Matania, in company with General Gamelin, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces in France. They are examining a photographic survey of the Western Front which has been constructed from enlarged prints made from the negatives obtained by the observers in the British and French reconnaissance machines. The Commanders are enabled to examine vital sections of the enemy lines in clear photographic detail

# THE LOW COUNTRIES PREPARE



**HOLLAND PREPARES HER WATER DEFENCES**

Holland has had for some time a thought-out scheme of water defence which would cut off a large section of her most important territory from any possible invasion. This would make her a dangerous enemy and one difficult of attack. Here the dyke has been pierced and the floods have necessitated the construction of an emergency bridge

**HOLLAND PUTS TO THE TEST HER OWN WATER DEFENCES**

During the recent manœuvres over a flooded area, Dutch tanks suffered heavily, becoming stranded in the submerged meadow land

**BELGIUM TRUSTS TO A STEEL FENCE**

To hinder the enemy in his first rush, the Belgian authorities have erected a strong steel wall along the frontier to take the shock of tank attack

**TRYING TO FIGHT ITS WAY OUT OF A WATERY STRANGLEHOLD**

It will be impossible for an enemy to know where pits and trenches are beneath the cover of the flood which has been released over Holland's polderland. *Below*—A light armoured car caught in the flooded area

**BELGIAN DEFENCE GUNS ARE PLACED IN STRATEGIC POSITIONS**

All along the Belgian frontier, guns, screened by boughs, are encountered. *Below*—A Belgian anti-aircraft gun in its circular pit, with a camouflage covering in foreground

# BRITAIN'S WAR-TIME "COUNCIL OF TEN"

## The Ministry of Supply and Its Plans For the Better Conduct of the War

*Described by*
NOEL THOMPSON

IN time of war one should, I suppose, change one's perspective from the individual to the national, from the perfect miniature to the vast canvas of a great task. I admit to finding this difficult, but an examination of the newest of our ministries, the Ministry of Supply, has been of enormous assistance, and I feel incapable of being bewildered by a job of any magnitude whatever in the future.

It was in April that Mr. Leslie Burgin, tall, with a legal sallowness, and quite unlegal wit (and knowledge of five languages perfectly), was appointed Minister of Supply designate. From then till August the scheming and planning went on. Branches of the War Office and other departments were gathered under his wing. Not till the declaration of war did the Ministry's powers come into direct action, but from that date the baby developed into a body probably unequalled in the land for quiet power and ever-growing usefulness.

Before the war there was a Supply Board who formed a valuable nucleus. Then on September 21 a Council of Ten was established, and this was another step in making the Ministry a balanced body of civil servants and business men. In fact, business experts who are at the head of their trade and know their jobs from A to Z are in about equal proportion to civil servants, which is as it should be and just what Mr. Burgin wants. "Don't let the public think this is just a red tape affair," he said. "Look through this list of names for yourself."

If I give you briefly the Council of Ten, and their jobs, it will paint a skeleton outline of the Ministry.

At the head, of course, is Mr. Burgin. Age fifty-two. Deputy-Chairman is ruddy-complexioned, sandy-moustached, cheerful Sir Arthur Robinson, former Chairman of the Supply Board. Age sixty-five. Director-General of Munitions Production is Sir Harold Brown, who was Engineering Chief of the Fleet from 1932 to 1936, and Master of Ordnance from then on. Guns, shells, instruments and machine tools are his main work. Age sixty-one.

Lord Weir is Director-General of Explosives—to which must be added chemicals. He is known as one of the greatest engineers in the world. Was Scottish Director of Munitions and Controller of Aeronautical Supplies in the last war, and has been in the swing of things ever since. Age sixty-two.

Director-General of Tanks and Transport is Mr. Peter Bennett. President of the Federation of British Industries and director or chairman of important firms. He is fifty-nine.

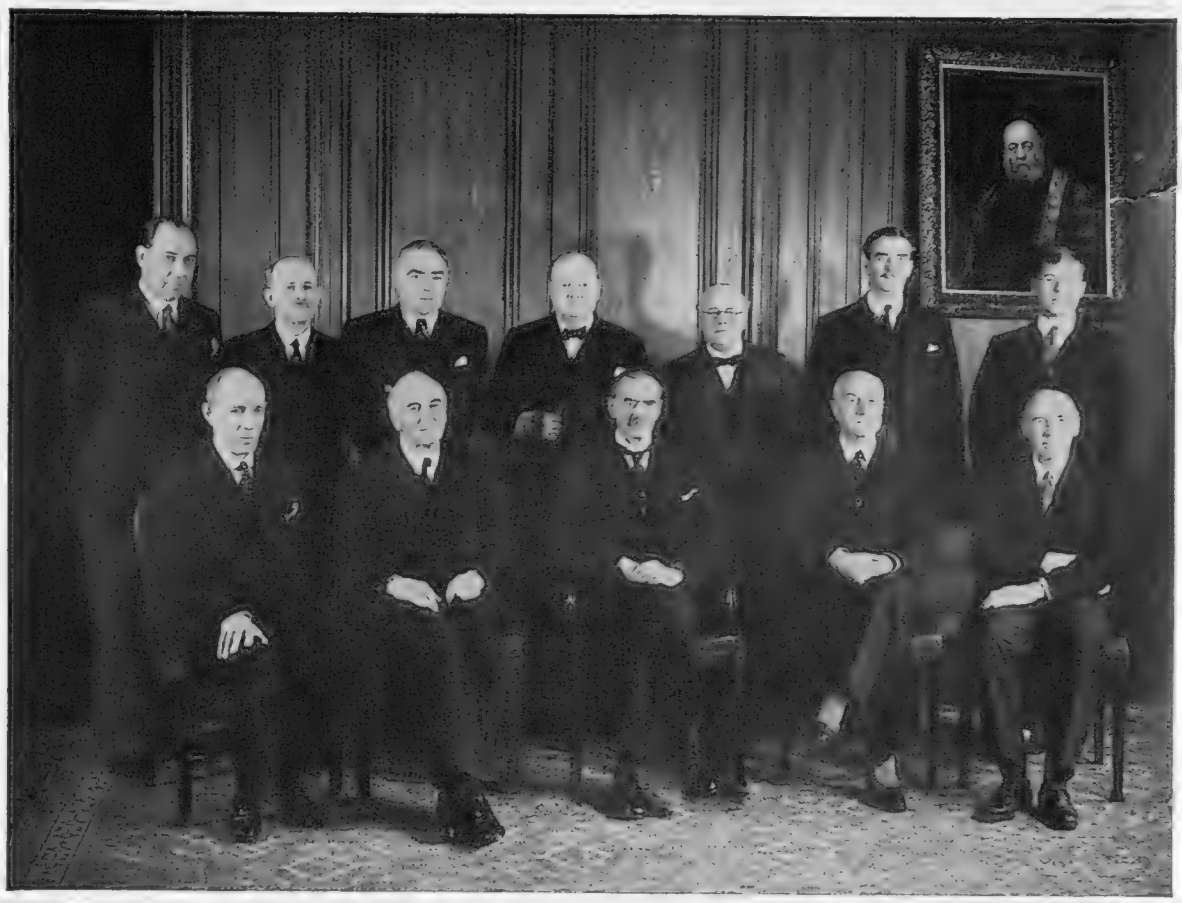
Lord Woolton (formerly Sir Frederick Marquis), chairman and managing director of Lewis's Limited, is Director-General of Equipment and Stores. Was War Office adviser on army textile supplies. Age fifty-six. Sir Andrew Duncan, dark, tall, smiling (he kindly helped me on my conducted tour and performed introductions), is chairman of the Committee of Controllers. A grim title but he is in charge of all matters affecting supply for all the services, all Government departments, and the whole country of raw materials to ensure the best use of them. Such materials are flax, iron, steel, aluminium, paper, wool, rayon and silk, leather, chemicals, etc. Coal Controller just after the last war, he is chairman of the British Iron and Steel Federation, a director of the Bank of England, member of the Central Electricity Board, and was vice-president of the Shipbuilding Employers' Federation, among other things. Age fifty-five. Director-General of Finance is another director of the Bank of England (and other institutions and companies), Mr. Patrick Cooper. Age fifty-two. Senior Military Adviser and liaison officer with the War Office is Lieut.-General Sir Maurice Taylor, with a long and distinguished career already, though only fifty-eight.

Parliamentary Secretary is Colonel J. J. Llewellin with a fine war and parliamentary record. At forty-six he is in charge of the Priority Organisation, an important department, of which I shall have more to say later. Well, that gives the lay-out of plenty of practical business experience at the top, even without the list of business men who are their deputies and colleagues. And all are *executive*, not administrative. They have to report achievement, not advise.

Perhaps I should explain that most of the work applies to the Army. The Navy and R.A.F. supply their own equipment where that equipment is of no value to the Army. But if, as is the case with certain ammunition or guns, or instruments, all the forces are a "common user," then the Ministry looks after the supply. And this, of course, applies to raw material.

Now let us take supply and industry. For years a small staff of six, as compared with one of 300 in Germany with the same functions ("and yet they say England was planning the war all the time"), has been working out schemes in theory. Now they are in practice and exceeding expectations by 15 to 20 per cent.

Firms which used to manufacture knitting machinery are on complicated instruments and small arms. Gramophone and wireless firms have been turned to making boxes, instruments, guns and fuses. Sugar machine firms make armour plating; electrical and agricultural machinery firms turn out tanks, gun mountings and guns. So our industry is playing its vital part. Already some 10,000 firms are enrolled and new ones large and small are being added at the rate of about thirty a week—and these figures do not include sub-contractors.



THE WAR CABINET MEETS IN LONDON

For the first time pictures have now been taken of Britain's War Cabinet after one of its recent meetings in London. Here are seen the men who are directing Britain's war effort—from left to right (standing) Sir John Anderson, Minister of Home Security; the Rt. Hon. Lord Hankey, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O., Minister without Portfolio; the Rt. Hon. Leslie Hore-Belisha, M.P., War Minister; the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill, C.H., M.P., First Lord of the Admiralty; the Rt. Hon. Sir Kingsley Wood, M.P., Air Minister; the Rt. Hon. Anthony Eden, M.P., Secretary for the Dominions; Sir E. Bridges. Seated in front are the Rt. Hon. Viscount Halifax, K.G., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., Foreign Secretary; the Rt. Hon. Sir John Simon, G.C.S.I., G.C.V.O., K.C., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer; the Rt. Hon. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., Prime Minister; the Rt. Hon. Sir Samuel Hoare, Bart., G.C.S.I., G.B.E., C.M.G., M.P., Lord Privy Seal; and Admiral of the Fleet Lord Chatfield, G.C.B., O.M., K.C.M.G., C.V.O., Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence. Mr. Eden, Sir John Anderson and Sir E. Bridges, although not actually members of the War Cabinet, have special access to it

But they can still carry on their own lines, because it is voluntary national work, not necessarily commandeered. And preparations have been made for industry in peace-time to be carried on with as little interruption as possible. In fact, at least two industries have been revitalised, and will start up in peace-time with mass-production machinery capable of beating the world. And here is an amusing thought. Spiders are playing their part in the war. For the graticules for binocular lenses spiders' webs are used. They are so fine, and never vary. A firm keeps tame spiders specially for this work, and the spiders are working overtime. The advance planning of industry's part has gone well, which leads to the question of priority.

In the last war, a firm might be making aeroplane propeller hubs. A rush order might be issued to turn over to fuses, and meantime the firms making the rest of the propellers might be held up for weeks. Then everyone in each department issued "Priority Orders" till there were so many priority orders that no one knew which had priority.

This time there will be none of that. Priority orders can only be issued through the Ministry of Supply Committee where representatives of each branch of industry sit and discuss the matter. The exact capacity of a factory can be assessed, and it can be decided whether any other factory will be affected or any other product hindered.

*But so well has the planning and supply gone that so far there has been no need to issue a single priority order, and this goes for priority of service supplies over civilian needs.*

Admittedly the slow progress of this war has been invaluable, but none the less it is a matter for congratulation.

Two other functions I must dispose of briefly. One is the salvage. There are two organisations, one in France and one in England, for the collection of all waste material. Of this some can be repaired, and some used again in another form.

Then there is the passive air defence of the factories working on supply. This consists of A.R.P. measures and minimising danger from fire or bombs. The whole of the A.D.G.B. (or Aerial Defence of Great Britain) was supplied with guns, searchlights, detectors, height finders, and all equipment by the Ministry in short time, and clothing for nearly 1,000,000 men has also been supplied. So have such oddities as canal boats for use in France, and railway engines, down to everything a soldier carries with him. And as for raw materials, under Sir Andrew Duncan, the important question of the export of materials is all part of the Ministry, as well as the supply to the Dominions of their needs. Co-operation with the Dominions is close.

I feel this is terminating sketchily, but I have as a finale a branch about which nothing has yet been published, the Department of Scientific Research.

In peace-time the War Office spent £3,000,000 a year on this work. It can be taken for granted that this figure has enormously increased. Science in this country has been completely organised. Famous professors and scientists are at work, or in reserve, on metallurgical research, radiology, ballistics (both internal and external). There is the big explosives department, dealing with present problems, production, use, and research, to say nothing of searchlights, detectors and anti-aircraft defences.

Behind all this is an invisible background of research at laboratories in the universities. This has been greatly increased to meet any unforeseen problems. Great industrial concerns with laboratories have been roped in and all their resources called on. An advisory body of consultants, the best technical brains in the country, is working on the greatly increased duties of scientists in war-time, and ready to meet new needs. In fact there is a first-class professional organisation. Every invention, of which I am told 99 per cent. are rubbish, is examined, in case there is a valuable principle behind it, by a first-class scientist.

"We do not believe that Hitler has a secret weapon. If he had we could counteract it. And you can safely say that we have two or three surprises which are in existence and functioning well now if he does try any funny business."

Finally, the bill. Since September 3, the Ministry of Supply entered into commitments to the extent of £110,000,000 up to November 1. A big sum, but I have faith it was well spent.

# THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION CHILDREN Have No Education

## A Problem in Urgent Need of Solution

**MANCHESTER** evacuated these little toddlers out into the neighbouring country, but the city's Grammar School has obtained permission from the Board of Education to reopen

**WHAT WILL HAPPEN IF THESE CHILDREN GET TOO FOND OF THEIR KINDLY FOSTER PARENTS?**

Sir Kingsley and Lady Wood are giving these children "no end of a time," but what is going to happen when—on some possibly remote day—they have to say good-bye to this lovely garden?

**A DAY NURSERY SHIFTS ITS POSITION INTO THE COUNTRY**

The Hulme Day Nursery has gone to Rookwood, Altrincham, where the toddlers have a fine time

**ENTERTAINERS OF EVACUATED CHILDREN AT FLETE**

Caroline and Elizabeth, daughters of Sir John and Lady Carew Pole, helping at the ancestral home of the Mildmays

**LESSONS IN A TEMPORARY WEST HAM SCHOOL**

The Vicar of Plaistow found that children were not receiving education, so he converted his old Sunday School and soon had official blessing and help. Here two of the scholars are seen working by the fire

WHEN the Government planned, as early as September, 1938, the evacuation of schoolchildren from danger areas it was assumed that all parents would take advantage of the imposing scheme. Together with the children attending school, mothers with the younger children were also invited to leave their homes for the safety of the country.

Three million mothers and children were expected to be moved in this great trek, but actually less than half that number consented to be shifted. This fact has rather staggered the authorities, who never imagined such a result, and has indeed crippled the whole scheme. Many of those originally evacuated have drifted back and are continuing to return in small numbers week by week. The details from such a large city as Leeds are surprising—five out of seven children have remained at home. At Middlesbrough, three-quarters of the children are also left in what is undeniably a danger area. Altogether, 750,000 children continue to live in their own homes in the areas which the Government had expected to be entirely denuded of all child life.

Teachers had been urging the education authorities throughout the past year to arrange for their schools to go as entities, but so great was the belief in the immediate air-bombings of towns that the one impelling force was to get the children away and then let things sort themselves out.

Some have secured empty houses, and with borrowed furniture, and forms willingly lent from cricket clubs and churches have improvised fairly well-run schools; others share a school in the neighbourhood.

When the great scheme of evacuation was propounded it was generally thought that parents would be filled with gratitude that their children would be removed to safety. But it was forgotten that it also meant the break-up of homes, that a mother was faced with the decision of parting with her children to strangers, or going with them to some remote spot and leaving her husband and her home. If the father was in the Army, and the home left, the furniture stored, where was he to go when he returned on leave? No wonder so many mothers decided to remain in the danger area when so many other imminent dangers faced her if she left.

The cost of billeting the children away from home is now to be paid by the parents, according to their means; in addition some of the guardians of the evacuated children expect a higher standard of clothing than was ever maintained at home on the father's earnings. Shoes wear out very quickly in the country, warm coats are required, and everything has to be on a visiting level—no opportunity for the shabbier clothes to be worn. This all involves a larger outlay than many of the mothers can afford.

How are the 750,000 children left in the danger areas to be educated? This is the problem facing the education authorities. All the schools have been closed and the teachers gone to the country and yet it is not possible to allow so large a number to remain much longer without any education. Though some schools near London have good A.R.P. shelters and protection they are not permitted to reopen. Manchester Grammar School, however, has obtained permission from the Board of Education to start again, much to the indignation of the town authorities, who fear a general return if schools reopen.

It is undoubtedly a serious matter as Earl de la Warr, the President of the Board of Education, realises. "We cannot afford as a nation to let three-quarters of a million grow up as little barbarians, and the Government have not the slightest intention of doing so," he said in a speech the other day, when he stated that he hoped to announce a new arrangement very shortly.

Much has been written on the behaviour of some of the parents when visiting their children, and also of the conditions of the children themselves, but there has been little discussion of the position of the parents who are asked to hand over their children, for an indefinite period, to strangers. Though most of the children are undeniably happy in their new surroundings, and will probably learn much from steady life in the country, their parents may feel that the children they sent away will not be theirs when they return. Many of them have gone to homes far superior to their own, which may make unhappy comparisons; others have gone to quarters not quite so good as those to which they are accustomed; and all are being mothered, mostly by very kindly foster-parents, who, unconsciously, by their very kindness, may be the cause of uneasy family reunions.

B. H.

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## WORK AND PLAY KEEP EVERYONE FIT

The men gather round and find grandstands in unexpected places—a pleasant interlude on a sunny day

**BUSY WITH THE ANCHOR CHAINS ON BOARD H.M.S. "REPULSE"**

A squad of men engaged with hose and brooms cleaning the great links of the anchor chains

Bayonet fencing is here shown taking place on the deck of H.M.S. *Rodney*. Expert instructors see that the men reach a high state of efficiency

**CHURCH SERVICE ON BOARD A NEW CRUISER**

The scene as the men of H.M.S. *Gloucester*, the 1937 cruiser of 9,100 tons, proceed to service, passing her triple turrets on the way

# NAVAL GUNNERS, Expert and In Training, Man the Varied Pieces of To-day

*Above* — Sighting a big anti-aircraft gun

*On left*—Loading a useful gun at a naval training school ashore

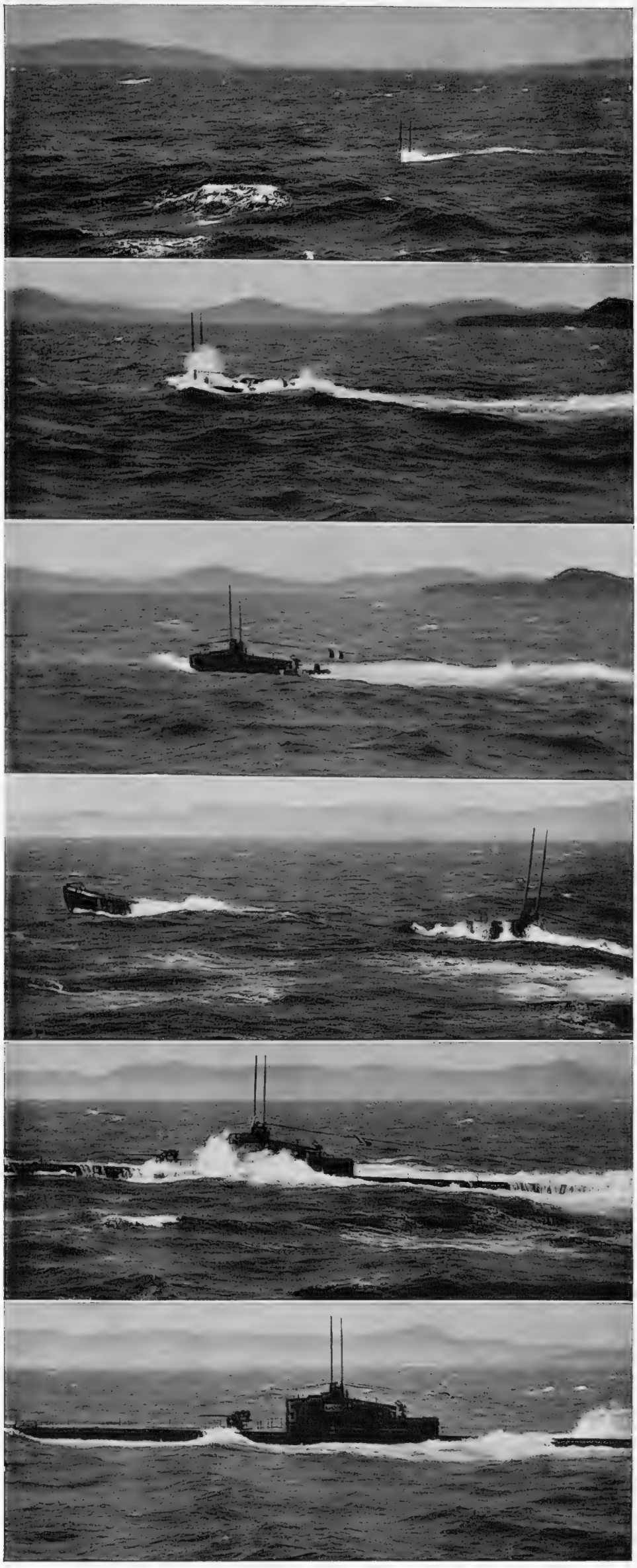
*Above* — Fisting a shell into a 4-in. gun at a naval gunnery school
*On left* — The expert hand on H.M.S. *Revenge* sights a twin Lewis gun on board the big 29,150-ton battleship

**HELMETED AND GAS-MASKED, THESE MEN AT THE GUNNERY SCHOOL HANDLE A NEW TWIN LEWIS GUN**

Gunners are needed for the ever-growing Navy of to-day and these men are learning fast. Two of them are holding the ammunition cases in readiness

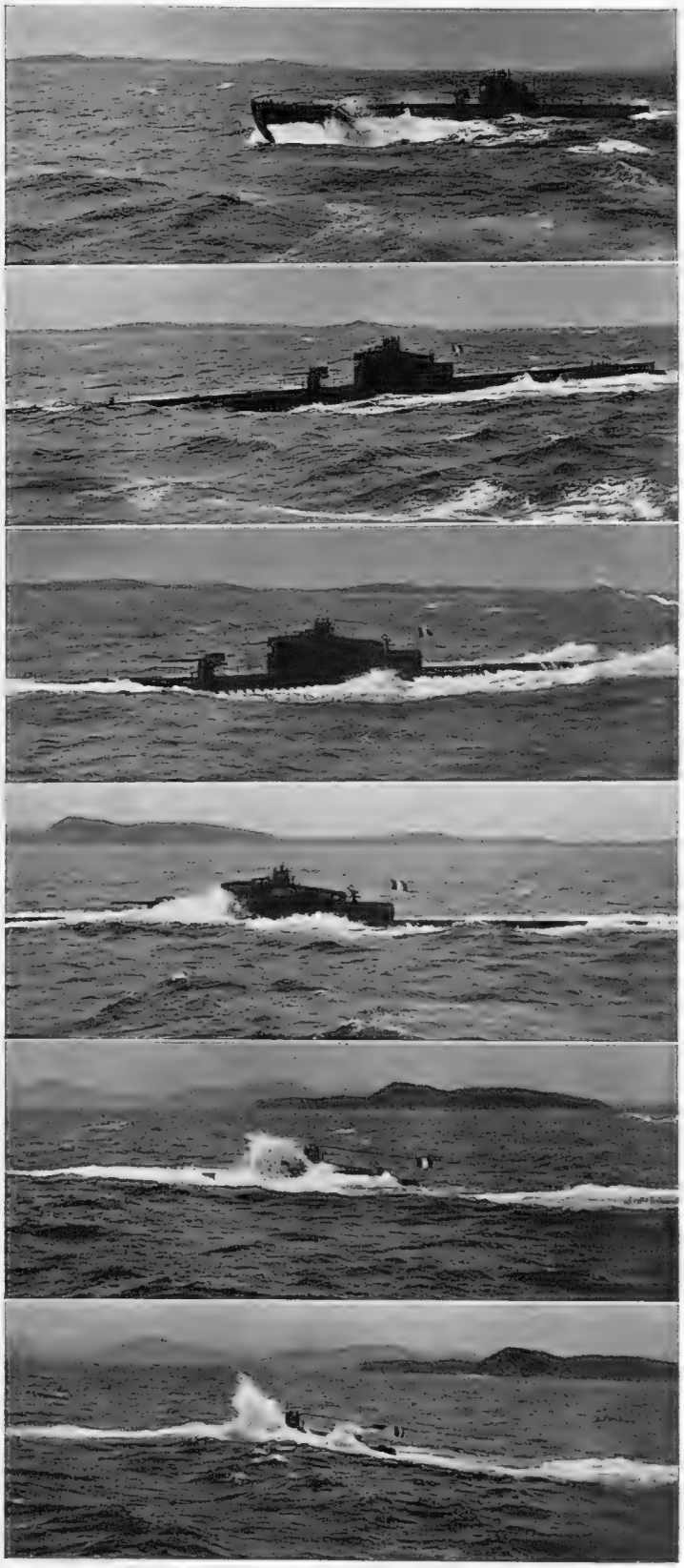
# STILL A GREAT MENACE TO THE BIG SHIP

## A Submarine Rises and Submerges—Shown in a Series of Instantaneous Pictures



**THE SUBMARINE BREAKS SURFACE WITH A FLURRY OF WHITE IN A CHOPPY SEA**

Not an ideal sea for this French submarine to surface in. The waves are breaking white and cause a dangerous amount of tell-tale foam around the vessel



**THE SUBMARINE DECIDES TO SUBMERGE**

With periscopes lowered, this underwater vessel of the French submarine fleet gradually disappears beneath the winter sea

### WEATHER AND THE SUBMARINES

When a submarine is deeply submerged she is unaffected by weather, but, of course, cannot operate when lying below the influence of surface waves. But as soon as she is up to a periscope depth for attack, or is surfacing to charge her accumulators, she feels the effect of weather just as much as any other vessel of her size and more than many on account of her shape. When on the surface she can be battened down—and more securely than a surface ship—to prevent being actually overwhelmed by foundering, but her speed is pulled down by bad weather. Actually torpedo work is spoilt by the surface motion and it is impossible to sight the gun on the low fore deck. In prolonged rough weather the submarine will seek the lee of the land, both for her own comfort and for the fact that her victim will be found there. At the moment of submerging and surfacing, a submarine is also concerned with the weather; often she does it as slowly as possible—a submarine diving or breaking surface in haste is bound to make a big flurry in the water and seas will break against her hull and superstructure and show an amount of white which can be picked up by eager look-outs. On a choppy day, with the wind against the sea, she must trust to all the other "white horses" hiding this white water; in a heavy swell it is liable to show up very conspicuously against her conning tower before she is sufficiently buoyant to present a side along which the swell can run without breaking

# LONDON'S FIRE FIGHTERS REHEARSE

**WEARING THEIR GAS PROTECTION HELMETS AND HOODS**

The men of London's Fire Service are now excellently equipped in every detail

**LONDON'S FIRE SERVICE HAVE A VERY BIG REHEARSAL AND PUT HOSES AND PUMPS TO REAL TESTS**

Some 1,500 officers and firemen with 300 trailers and fire floats attacked six imaginary outbreaks of fire with great skill and gusto. *On right*—A temporary control station at work at Blackfriars

*Above*—
**ONE OF THE NEW CONVERTED STEEL BARGES DRAWN UP AGAINST A FIRE FLOAT**

*On left*—
**ATTACKING AN IMAGINARY FIRE FROM A THAMES WHARF**

As a war-time measure, the London Fire Brigade and the London Auxiliary Fire Service are now amalgamated. In its new form this new body will serve the entire L.C.C. area, which has been divided into six regions, each under a superintendent, and into two divisions, north and south of the Thames. The new force consists of 2,300 officers and men of the London Fire Brigade, and 17,234 men, 4,396 women, and 2,554 youths of the L.A.F.S. The war establishment of the L.A.F.S. was 32,351 full-time units, and the part-time personnel, 5,718. Major F. W. Jackson will be in command for the duration

**TWO DELIGHTFUL LITTLE "PANTO" FAIRIES**

Despite the war, the pantomimes will definitely be held this season and these little fairies of the Holdaway School of Dancing, Teddington, make a charming picture when trying on their costumes ready for the coming season

**THE LATEST OF THE LUPINO LINE IN "RUNAWAY LOVE"**

Yet another Lupino takes the stage as Antoinette Lupino, aged eighteen, the daughter of Barry Lupino, appears at the Saville Theatre. For 300 years there has been at least one Lupino on the British stage and the line is still going strong

# PHILIP PAGE ON THE THEATRE

## Last Week's Three New Shows Reviewed

HUMOUR did not exactly run away with *Runaway Love* at its first performance at the Saville Theatre, though probably by this time it has been worked up into a more hilarious affair. My chief reason for finding a good deal of it somewhat depressing was the personal and partly prejudiced one that musically it was pervaded by a distressing instrument with a tone rather like a cinema organ only nastier. I realise that a cinema organ is not intended to sound like its more dignified brothers in churches and cathedrals, which would hardly be a fitting accompaniment to the ginger of Miss Ginger Rogers or the "oomph" of Miss Anne Sheridan. At the same time it cannot be necessary to allow it to wobble incessantly, and I venture to think it sounds unpleasant even in its less jelly-like moments.

The counterpart at the Saville seemed to possess and to emphasise its worst faults. Which was a pity from several points of view, one of them being that Mr. Billy Mayerl, who handled the thing—"presided at" is, I believe, the professional term—has turned out some tuneful and musicianly numbers to which the something-or-other-tone did not do justice.

If economy has to be observed at the Saville—and where in such difficult times is this not the case?—it would surely have been advisable to use pianos, pure and simple, with pianists as pure and as simple as possible.

**The Lupino Family.**—Where there is economy at this theatre just now is in the matter of fun. Except for Act II, which had moments of farce as good as those at the Aldwych in its best days and was most cheery from first to last, there was a solemnity about the proceedings which the employment of almost every clownish jest and gesture that has done duty on the London stage since the Lupino family first began to grace it—that is to say, a couple of centuries or so ago—could do little to dispel. A man with the hiccups and a woman with a cold in her nose have never amused me yet and never will.

On the credit side, however, there is a considerable amount. To deal first with the Lupini. Mr. Barry Lupino, who is part-author, has not been generous enough to himself, for he is an experienced and diverting comedian. His debutante daughter, Miss Tonie Lupino, has much to learn, but there is every indication that she will learn it; already she possesses blonde good looks, a personality and an ability to dance. Miss Marjorie Sandford is one of the best musical comedy leading ladies I have ever seen. Why, so far as London is concerned, she is mainly associated only with pantomime, I cannot imagine. She has beauty and intelligence, and can really act and really sing.

Mr. Eric Fawcett and Mr. George Gee made the aforesaid second act a jolly rough-and-tumble. Mr. Wyn Weaver, looking the uncanny double of Lord Berners, amusingly strayed in from time to time like a being from a better bred world.

**"Young England" Again.**—I am wondering whether anywhere else save in England a patriotic melodrama replete with every intention to uplift one along the Noble Path of Duty—Elgar, boy scouts, villainy defeated—would be laughed at uproariously at every performance. This would certainly never happen in Germany, for the Germans are a humourless crew and also for the more cogent reason that any sort of ridicule of the Vaterland would mean a concentration camp or worse. I would not, indeed, be surprised to hear that the Nazis will soon be interpreting the gibes at *Young England*, now revived at the Holborn Empire, as proof positive that England is seething with sedition and openly proclaiming its contempt for King and Country.

Since none of us cares a hoot what the Nazis think, we can revel in a gorgeously hilarious entertainment, the "chi-iking" of which by the audience forms so important a part. On the evening of my visit some of the revellers in the stalls and elsewhere were inclined to overdo their ribald interruptions, with the result that the humour of these was lessened. But, on the whole, it was a carnival of fun for everybody concerned except, possibly, the actors and actresses. Their good-humoured determination was admirable. If one is disposed to be a little sorry for them—well, they knew what they were in for before they took the job on; besides, there should be a profitable compensation in the form of a long run.

**"His Majesty's Guest."**—There was an interruption on the first night of this new comedy at the Shaftesbury. It came not from the audience but from a member of the company and the leading member at that—Mr. Tom Walls, who held up what action there was by making prolonged and smiling obeisance in response to the welcome which greeted his first entrance. I am still enough of a would-be realist to dislike this sort of thing in the theatre (except, perhaps, in pantomime) as tending to destroy illusion. To which Mr. Walls may, of course, reply that he can do as he likes in his own theatre, for he is running the show.

*His Majesty's Guest* has not the brilliance of dialogue of Mr. Richard Brinsley Sheridan (the "oomph" dramatist) but it is a neat and amusing yarn about an ex-convict invited to spend a week-end in a country house whose owner is also a crook, though uncaught. It is extremely well acted, particularly by Mr. Archibald Batty, Miss Enid Stamp-Taylor, Mr. Michael Shepley and Miss Veronica Rose, who is indeed a "find."

### LONDON THEATRES WHICH HAVE EVENING PERFORMANCES

**Ambassadors**—*The Gate Revue*—Hermione Gingold and Walter Crisham

**Coliseum**—*Can You Hear Me, Mother?*—Sandy Powell

**Criterion**—*French for Love*—Alice Delysia and Cecil Parker

**Duchess**—*Playboy of the Western World*

**Palladium**—*The Little Dog Laughed*—With the Crazy Gang

**Saville**—*Runaway Love*—George Gee and Barry Lupino

**Shaftesbury**—*His Majesty's Guest*—Tom Walls and Veronica Rose

**DOROTHY HYSON IN AN UNUSUAL COSTUME**

A striking pose adopted by Dorothy Hyson who is gracing the new revue, *Let's Face It*, at the Chanticleer—that delightfully intimate little theatre in South Kensington

# OTHER THINGS THAN WAR . . .

## Sights and Scenes in the Heart of Sussex, Where Life Still Goes On

**THE GARDENS SCHEME.**—The Committees of the Institute of District Nursing have been wondering how war will affect that great scheme, the opening of private gardens to the public, by which they annually benefit to the extent of thousands of pounds.

It would be a thousand pities if this great and good and popular feature of social life were suffered to atrophy during the war. I have often said it is a little "League of Nations," and a potent force in social life, in its power to create fellowship and understanding, sympathy and taste, appreciation of natural beauty and respect for nature. It would be a crime to let it drop.

The gardens of England are the very best antidote to war for the recreation of front liners on leave and home-front warriors; and the money the scheme brings in is more than ever needed to-day. And what are the anticipated obstacles? "They say" people won't pay 1s. to see the famous West border green with sprouting broccoli; there are no gardeners left to tidy the place up; the smooth lawns will be potato patches, and so on. As to this, it is a foolish householder who desecrates his garden without careful planning. There is always room to increase food production without decreasing amenity in a garden which "opens to the public." And again, if flower-beds go out of cultivation in favour of cabbages, the shrubs and trees remain and so does the setting of many a famous garden which is often far better worth seeing than its flowers. Many small gardens, not usually opened, are, without the constant aid of gardeners, miracles of beauty in spring and autumn from the colour of their flowering cherries, maples, wistarias and other creepers, and their more distant beeches, geans and birches. People don't pay their shillings solely to see flowers. 9d. at least is expended on *personal curiosity*. Give them a peep of where his lordship's boots are kept, of what novel my lady is reading and what embroidery she is working on, and they go happy away. And scores of gardens are popular because of their setting, the river winding through the lawns, the distant woods, the little church, the old red walls.

No, indeed. Let the war years rather give that lagging impetus to diffident small-garden owners and let *them* this year offer, in conjunction with a near neighbour, a date for opening to the public at 6d. per head. Let more and more gardens open for the benefit of war-tired minds and of a great and vital national service. Let us cherish any surviving evidence of sanity during the war.

**Furnace Wood.**—West of a little straggling village in West Sussex is a wood, still known locally as Furnace Wood. In it may be seen vestiges of one of the dozen iron furnaces in use in Sussex in the days when that county supplied a sixth part of Britain's iron production. The village in question was once the centre of the nation's iron industry. To-day a stranger would hardly know it for a village. Yet in 1770, Fernhurst was casting cannon for the Government (and some of its guns belched at Trafalgar for all I know).

Twenty years later the iron industry had died out in Sussex, which could no longer compete, with its wood fuel, with the coalfields of the north. It is a fact that several of the first families which still flourish in parts of Sussex owed their rise to wealth amassed by the iron industry. The iron is still there but to-day the only memory of Sussex's former claim to be a "heavy" industrial county lies in local names, the "hammer" ponds, the "furnace" woods and so on.

But still there may be picked up fine examples of Sussex-wrought fire-backs and fire-dogs. One or two examples are to be seen in the old kitchen in the ruins of Cowdray, commissioned no doubt by Sir William Fitzwilliam to whom the Manor of Cowdray was granted (with its curse attached) by Henry VIII, which Manor comprised most of Fernhurst, and still comprises it.

**Evolution of a Country Town.**—In 1932 I was in literary correspondence with Sir Herbert Maxwell, that grand old man of the pen and of sport. He wrote to me: "I see you write from Haslemere. I well remember as a boy standing in Haslemere High Street and counting seven grey-hen sitting on a tree above the houses." My father also remembers the days when black game were still flushed on the commons round Selborne.

Haslemere is an old town and had a good deal of passing traffic in coaching days, many travellers from London preferring to go through it to the south coast rather than to take the bleak and lonely Portsmouth road over Hindhead to Liphook. Its development in the past two decades has been very remarkable and very depressing.

It is now a more or less continuous wen of villas and jerry-built shacks from Hindhead into Sussex. Forty years ago Hindhead was still the "desert" which Cobbett rode over and, indeed, being a farmer, wept over.

To-day it is a sprawling town of close-jostling villas (many empty) stretching away to Farnham and down to Haslemere. On its heights is a dreadful rash of pink tea-houses. I know no area in England which better proclaims the value of the National Trust.

The worst of the development is round Shottermill. Upwards to Woolmer Hill ill-sited and tasteless and unplanned development has made a scar on the face of a fair countryside. Mean shops, mean shacks, refuse dumps and a giant cinema document the activities and manner of thought of the past decade. Even ten years ago Shottermill was a pleasant village, and Haslemere a charming country town. An immense amount of energy and money have been spent in tidying up this great sprawling villadom. Haslemere is nuts on its public conveniences; but its amenities have suffered in the process. Its authorities have achieved a new Surbiton in England's green and pleasant land.

**The Story of Up-Park.**—The history of the great houses of West Sussex—Petworth, Arundel, Cowdray and the rest—are as interesting as any in the land and as full of the romance of family and social life. None perhaps is more curious than that of Up-Park, which lies on the Downs above Harting in a setting of wooded deer park, with views to the Isle of Wight. It was built by Lord Grey, of the ancient family of Ford or Forde through whose heiress the Earldom of Tankerville was revived for the Bennetts. Thence it passed by purchase to the Fetherstonhaugh family, a rich manufacturing family from the north. Sir Harry Fetherstonhaugh was a notable buck of the late eighteenth century, and he furnished the house (and added to it), employing all the great craftsmen of his day. Here he lived with various *chères amies*, among the first of whom was Emma Hart or Cadogan, later famous as Lady Hamilton. Charles Greville, Hamilton's nephew, took her, when Fetherstonhaugh grew tired of her, and educated her to sell her to his uncle. Fetherstonhaugh lived out his life of sport and pleasure at Up-Park and, in old age, chancing to go into his dairy, saw a pretty maid at work there. He rang for the butler and asked her name. Then he sent a message to her mother, who worked at the Park, to ask if the girl might marry him. The mother said yes. So he married her. She had a young sister who came to live with her when Sir Harry died. He had left her the property, and when she in turn died, the younger sister inherited and lived on at Up-Park well into my own youth. Thus the continuity of ownership by one generation (as one might say) was absolute for 130 years. And mark the advantage of it. When Sir Harry grew old, he had wasted much of his wealth, and his widow and her sister after her had no money to spend on spoiling the old work of the craftsmen. The house to-day is a unique museum of that great day; its paint is original, its tattered Chinese silks and dimity are original, everything essential is as it was in 1780.

The romance of ownership doesn't end there. Miss Fetherstonhaugh was charged to find a noble family in which to establish the succession, and she spent her latter years looking about. She must of course choose a younger son and she fixed on the second son of Lord Winterton, Colonel Keith Turnour. So the ownership came to the Turnour-Fetherstonhaughs. Unfortunately no male heir survived and it could be but a life tenancy. Then Miss Fetherstonhaugh looked round again and chose the second son of Lord Clanwilliam; and now the ownership is established in the Meade-Fetherstonhaughs, who maintain and restore in very difficult times the glories of that old house on the Downs.

You may read of the inside history of Up-Park in Wells' *Tono-Bungay*. He spent some of his childhood there with his mother.

**Special Constabulary Duties.**—Constabulary duty, as Gilbert and others believed, gives opportunities for profound reflection. The constable on his beat, the special on his rounds, ponders deeply on life and politics and human folly and frailty. I sometimes perform these duties in a totally rustic area, from which many of the young men (who might make trouble) are gone; the population is by nightfall too tired for misdemeanour. Standing at the village cross-roads the other night, wearing badge and armlet, and carrying a torch, with civilian gas-mask and steel helmet hung behind me, I thought to myself:—

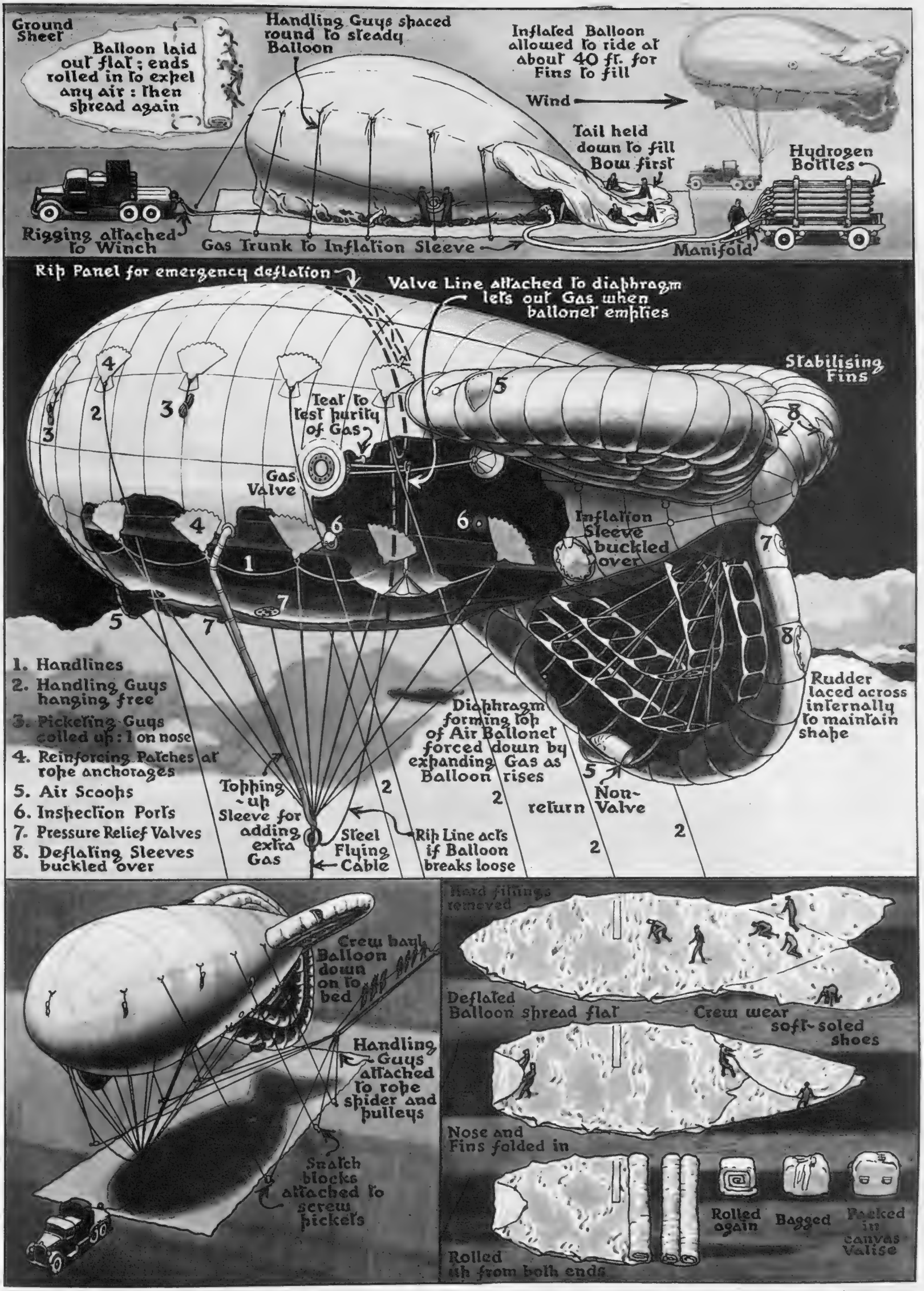
(1) War must always be wasted effort. Our local posse of "specials" is composed of old and middle-aged men, all, or nearly all, working unusually long hours at their normal occupations. They are drawn from all over the long village. Each could from his own home by frequent "sallies" control a small area round his home and see to it that A.R.P. restrictions were observed and breaches of the peace prevented. Why then not employ them, when no emergency has arisen, *geographically* and spare them the intolerable and futile strain of four-hour patrols all over the village—a five-mile walk at least—every second night? Why organise your "specials" on the lines of the permanent force when common sense suggests a much more effective aid to the regular police services? Why needlessly waste effort and goodwill by cast-iron methods? When the first bomb drops, the specials know perfectly well where to go and what their functions might be, and would rally to the sound at once. But meanwhile deep peace—deeper than in peace-time—invests our village; lighting regulations are generally observed. Our village is as black as night. And a score of old men are being worn out by an absurd ritual. With a little thinking, the regular police could be reinforced with a series of strong-points, always active, alive and regularly patrolling, covering the whole village and always at call in an emergency. Why is it that in England we so seldom adapt a system to fit circumstances, but always cram circumstances neck and crop into a cast-iron system? We must always legislate for a remote rural area, without so much as a railway bridge or a power-pole to guard, exactly as we legislate for a munition city or a Crewe Junction.

(2) And then I saw a blaze of light from a single lace-curtained window at the cross-roads. Should I intervene? Yes, duty called. It proved to be the window of the room in which our A.R.P. committee was holding its weekly session.

J. G.

**DOGS BY THE SCORE: SUNDAY MORNING IN CLUB ROW**

A walk down Club Row in the East End of London is a tonic for the dog-lover on Sunday mornings. Here dogs and puppies are sold by the score—all sorts, all sizes, all colours, all prices, all tempers. To this spot quite a number of Tommies are now repairing to secure mascots for their regiments and friends for themselves




*Artist's copyright in U.S.A.*

# HOW A BARRAGE BALLOON IS INFLATED, SENT ALOFT, AND PACKED UP FOR REMOVAL

*Drawing by Clatworthy*

If the reader starts this drawing from the left hand top corner it will be possible to gather the method by which a barrage balloon is inflated, rides aloft on its steel flying cable, is finally hauled down on to its bed and packed up into an extraordinarily small canvas valise. The balloons are made of two-ply rubber-proofed cotton, finished with aluminium powder to give maximum heat reflection. The fins at the back are filled with air; it is only the main body of the balloon which is gas-filled

# AMERICAN PLANES ON THE WAR MARKET

## The Aerial Industry of the United States which is now at the Disposal of the Allies in Europe

**AMERICA'S VAST AIRCRAFT INDUSTRY**

It is believed in America that following the repeal of the U.S. arms embargo, the Allies will place orders for a total of 15,000 planes, thus outstripping German aircraft production by a large margin. Already there are 880 machines ready to cross the Atlantic. The picture above shows the fuselage assembling section of the North American Aviation Plant at Inglewood, California

**U.S. FIGHTERS IN COURSE OF ASSEMBLY**

With the great resources of America's aircraft industry at the disposal of the Allies, their already established aerial supremacy over Germany will be doubly enforced, and the diminishing U-boat menace in the Atlantic makes it possible to envisage large numbers of these machines safely conveyed by Allied boats to their ports of destination in Europe

# THE DOMINIONS AND THE SINEWS OF WAR

## What They Can Provide in the Way of Fighting Planes and the Pilots to Man Them

*The War in the Air Described by* CHARLES G. GREY

(formerly Editor of *The Aeroplane*)

JUST at the moment people here are much interested in what the Dominions are going to do in air war. There is no doubt that Australia, New Zealand, South Africa and Canada are full out to have a go at any enemy who gets in the way of the British Empire, and there is no doubt that they have heaps of excellent human material. What their material may be like we still have to discover, but we may assume that Australia and Canada will be able to build enough aeroplanes to provide for the training of their own people.

In the war 1914–18 all the Dominions did magnificently. Naturally the Canadians arrived in this country first, and, chiefly because the Royal Flying Corps had gone overseas and the Royal Naval Air Service had not been allowed to do much, the young Canadians who arrived at their own expense mostly drifted into the R.N.A.S. and did splendid work with the bombing and fighting squadrons at Dunkirk where Captain Sueter, now Rear-Admiral Sir Murray Sueter, M.P., was conducting a private war of his own because the Navy did not believe in aeroplanes in those days. The Australians had formed one squadron before the threat of war arose, and that was sent to Mesopotamia under Major Henry Petre, one of the pioneers from Brooklands who had gone out to Australia to teach the Australians how to organise a flying corps, although he was not a soldier himself.

After that a number of Australian squadrons came over, some of them to Egypt, some of them in 1917 to France. They kept their own identity all through and after the war were honoured by being made into the Royal Australian Air Force. The New Zealanders who came over mostly either joined the R.F.C. or one of the Australian squadrons, but after the war the Royal New Zealand Air Force was also formed—a very small citizen force but terribly keen and splendid stuff.

When General Botha and General Smuts invaded German South-west Africa, after the brief rebellion of the old Boers in the Transvaal had been settled, the South Africans formed a little flying corps of their own. But after that, and before South African troops went round to invade Tanganyika, the South African Flying Corps was disbanded. Many of its members came to England and joined the R.F.C., and they also were a first-class crowd. The number of decorations they got was out of all proportion to their numbers.

The Canadians did not join the R.F.C. in large numbers till late in the war, when a huge training establishment was started at Camp Borden and another out at Winnipeg. When the winter came on the pupils and machines were all transferred to Fort Worth in Texas. There were some 15,000 young Canadians in training at the end of the war, but like the thousands of cadets whom we had in training in this country, they were just a bit too late. After the Great War, the Royal Canadian Air Force was formed and Camp Borden was maintained, very meagrely indeed, as its headquarters. The Canadian politicians never thought much of maintaining an air force, and flying in Canada was developed almost entirely by private enterprise in civil air transport.

For some curious reason the South African Air Force was never given the title "Royal," possibly because it never asked for permission to assume that honour. So in this war we shall have the help of the R.A.A.F., the R.N.Z.A.F., the R.C.A.F. and a lot of recruits from South Africa and a contingent from the South African Air Force as such.

So far as material is concerned, naturally Canada ought to lead the rest of the Dominions. Quite large motor factories do exist in Canada and although they are mostly employed in assembling finished or partly finished parts of motor cars which are designed and built in the United States, nevertheless they are capable of turning out a good number of aeroplanes if organised for the purpose. The better part of two years ago there was quite a fuss about what Canada was going to do in the way of building aeroplanes, and a mission was sent, the chief of which was Air Chief Marshal Sir Edward Ellington, formerly Chief of the Air Staff, who had just been on a tour of inspection in Australia. Mr. Handley Page, the famous English aircraft manufacturer, was another member, and so was Mr. (now Sir) Arthur Street, the present Secretary of the Air Ministry.

After all that had been said about what the Canadian factories were ready to do, the mission was disappointed. But after having sifted out the people who had big propositions to put up, they did come to the conclusion that with the help of experienced people from this side Canadian industry might be developed into a very important source of supply

Australia went about the business in quite a different way. There, an important motor firm which is linked up in some way with General Motors Ltd., the great American concern, and certain of the Broken Hill interests, built a big factory with Government help, and started to turn out copies of the American training machines—not small primary trainers but what are called advanced trainers of about 500 h.p. Since then certain big engineering firms, big that is to say considering the small total population of Australia, have taken an interest in building aircraft and arrangements have been made to build the fighting version of the Bristol Blenheim in Australia. And we may expect that Australia will turn out enough aeroplanes to mount as many pilots as Australia can produce, and to contribute some of them to the defence of Singapore and the Netherlands East Indies, and the Pacific generally.

This Pacific defence scheme is a line about which little has been heard in this country although much has been done quietly to develop it during the past two years. Incidentally, the headquarters of the Pacific Air Defence are in the Fiji Islands. There is no military secret about it because maps of the Pacific network of air defence have been published in Australia and in this country. They may not be frightfully accurate, but they give a general idea of the scheme.

Australian air affairs have been particularly lucky during these past few years because the Commonwealth Treasurer, otherwise Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Honourable R. G. Casey, more properly Major Richard Casey, D.S.O., and Dick Casey to his friends, who is now Australian Minister for Supply and Development, has backed up air enterprise with all his energy and influence. He got his D.S.O. in the Army during the last war, and learned to fly for fun a few years ago, so that he has a ground soldier's experience and an aviator's vision of what is needed.

Incidentally, his excellent broadcast on November 6 on the subject of an all-in war will have given listeners a proper understanding of what the best sort of Australian thinks about this war.

Australia is lucky in having as Minister for Civil Aviation Mr. J. V. Fairbairn. He was an Australian Flying Corps pilot during the last war and did very well. The Fairbairn family hold big up-country stations in Australia and so have a real stake in the country. He has kept up his flying ever since the war and only a year or two ago flew out to Australia in a twin-motor aeroplane which he piloted himself, so his air ideas are right up to date. The last I heard of him he was on his way to England by way of Canada with the intention of conferring with the Canadians about the co-operation of the Dominions in the air.

Canada is also fortunate in its air prospects, because Mr. Howe, the Minister for Defence, does understand the meaning of air power and, before the possibility of war with Germany became acute, had already got a move on towards rebuilding the Royal Canadian Air Force. All sorts of people have gone in and out of Canadian air politics, but the one person who has been in it solidly from the start is John A. Wilson, the Controller of Civil Aviation.

Ever since Major Bob Leckie, now Air Commodore Robert Leckie, D.S.O., D.S.C., etc., Commanding R.A.F., Mediterranean, made the first air voyage from the Atlantic to the Pacific across Canada, John Wilson has fought for the development of air transport and has tried to extract money from various reluctant Canadian Governments with which to build up air traffic. Although he has had nothing to do with the warlike side of Canadian aviation he has done so much to develop the air spirit in the Dominion that we shall have to thank him very largely for whatever contributions in men and material Canada sends to us.

**A GENERAL PURPOSE PLANE** One of the new Bristol Beaufort twin-engined monoplanes with which the Royal Air Force is now being equipped. This type is highly suitable as a combined bomber, general reconnaissance, torpedo bomber, and general purpose land-plane

### THE BRISTOL BEAUFORT

This aircraft has just been placed on the Part Publication List by the Air Ministry, so that it is at last possible to correct the erroneous impression given by the Press of other countries that it is merely a development of the Blenheim. The Beaufort is an entirely new design of aircraft, and is capable of fulfilling many duties, being in general category and type a "combined bomber, general reconnaissance, torpedo bomber, and general purpose land-plane." From its inception the Beaufort was designed for rapid production and the ability to spread the construction by a considerable sub-division of components. The Beaufort follows the completely modern formula of fully stressed-skin construction, with mid-wing disposition, retracting undercarriages and tail-wheel, hydraulically-operated flaps and other services, mass-balanced Frise ailerons and controllable cooling. The Beaufort is fitted with two Bristol Taurus double-row sleeve-valve engines, developing over 1,000 h.p. each. The overall dimensions are: span, 57 ft. 10 ins.; length, 44 ft. 2 ins.; height, 14 ft. 3 ins.; but no further figures of size or performance are available for publication.

**REAR VIEW OF THE BRISTOL BEAUFORT** This type of monoplane is also to be built in Australia for the squadrons of the Royal Australian Air Force and for the Far East Command, R.A.F. It is powered by two Bristol Taurus engines, developing over 1,000 h.p. each

**AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY SALON:** "Cotswold Farm," by C. H. H. Burleigh

The Staircase Gallery (Goupil Gallery Salon) has some fine water-colours. John Copley's "Sleep," with its drowsy atmosphere and quiet, dull tones, is particularly sympathetic in its treatment. A sketch design for a wall decoration by Averil Burleigh, A.R.W.S., shows her usual charming style and decorative quality. In the Large Gallery of the same exhibition, C. H. H. Burleigh shows a Cotswold farm with skill and a nicety for balance and composition. Margaret Thomas has reproduced an excellent impression of Edwardian times in her "Edwardian Picnic." This amusing group with picnic basket and dog and ancient high-built car is treated with a frail delicacy and a humorous quality that is particularly pleasing

**AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY:** "Sun on the Hillside," by Adrian Allinson

The sunny brilliance of Adrian Allinson's work—now showing at the Fine Art Society—is a stimulating tonic in these days of black-outs and general depressions. On entering the Gallery one is immediately impressed by the cheerful atmosphere of a colourful world bathed in sunshine; warmth and colour sparkle from every canvas, whatever the subject. The artist's versatility is easily expressed in the variety of subjects he has chosen and tackled with commendable ability. His tinted pencil drawings are both vigorous and delightful, his colour-work striking and positively sparkling with vitality. Few artists handle colour with such skill and intensity

**AT MIDHURST:** "A Black-out Mural," by Adrian Hill

Mr. Adrian Hill, whose brilliant work as a war artist, 1914–18, will be remembered by "Sphere" readers, has just completed one of the most successful black-out paintings we have seen. The composition of roadway and haystacks was made to fit three obligatory spaces and very admirably Mr. Hill has done his work. The larger panels measure 6 ft. by 3 ft. The King Edward VII's Sanatorium have set an excellent example in having this charming piece of work carried out

ART WORK of TO-DAY

The World of Books—Reviewed by Vernon Fane

# "LET THE PEOPLE SING," Says J. B. Priestley

## Excellent Timing by the Author of "The Good Companions"—Mr. Robert Henriques Looks at the British Officer

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY'S **LET THE PEOPLE SING** (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is an excellent piece of timing. In the world of entertainment (and this book belongs to none other) timing counts for so much that its successful application is frequently hailed as genius. Not that Mr. Priestley, in spite of his experiments with time, would claim to have known that the book which he sat down to write in the spring of this year would be published in these conditions or would have been anything but astonished to learn that he would be broadcasting the first instalment on the very day that war was declared.

*Let the People Sing!* What a slogan for these drear-nighted, apprehensive times. Could Mr. Priestley keep it up? Could he again make us laugh and be happy as he did in *The Good Companions*? The people loved that book, undeterred by the sneers of a handful of chagrined intellectuals whose only concession to the comic spirit is a faint titter.

One well-meaning critic said of *The Good Companions* that it was a good novel for the holidays. He meant it was good entertainment. Larger than life, some of them said; yes, and twice as natural, came the answer of the man in the street. *Let the People Sing* is of the same vintage. It has the swing and verve essential to the picaresque method; it has moments of rollicking fun that set the reader laughing out loud; its characters are drawn from the rich stuff of that stratum of English life for, and through whom, the music hall exists; it is written in the spirit of fun, is good-humoured even when lampooning all the author dislikes and despises; it is, in fact, grand entertainment.

First of all it is necessary to contemplate the "large sad face" of Timmy Tiverton, who has topped the bill at so many Hippodromes and Palaces of Variety, but who is now down on his luck, sitting in the park of the dreary town of Birchester ("worse than Bradford . . . and that's saying something") contemplating the statue of Alderman Sir Benjamin Flitwick "in whom Birchester appeared to take a deep mysterious pride." The statue had "a very long mournful face, with whiskers all round it, a frock-coat that had been much favoured by pigeons, very baggy trousers, and he was holding a sooty scroll."

A statue, you will agree, eminently suitable to be blown up. And why not? So up it goes, and Timmy, who neither knew nor cared who had done it, bolted from the scene like any other sensible man. His first instinct, of course, was to get as far away from the scene as quickly as possible, and what more natural than that he should bundle into a convenient cross-country train, and, to avoid the ticket collector prowling the corridor, hide in the luggage van. Then, just as you or I might have done, he found another man hiding, a man with a beard and a foreign accent; yards and yards of him, "a proper maypole of a chap." In the middle of this encounter, up comes the guard who quite rightly asks what they are looking for. "A basket" was the obvious answer, "bright red." The guard voiced his suspicions in further questions, winding up with "What's inside it?" "Chiefly children's money-boxes" answered Timmy, just as you or I might have done.

At this point you are entitled to say that, in Timmy's place, you would have done none of these things; that you never have spoken to a tall foreigner with a beard without first being introduced, nor would you have invented a cock-and-bull story about a red basket filled with children's money-boxes. The story, you are entitled to go on, bears no relation to reality, and that if people like Timmy Tiverton and the Professor really exist, you have no desire to read about them. If thus you are put off and refuse to subvert your critical standards to the enjoyment of the further adventures of these two, you are doomed to miss one of the richest and most exuberant characters in fiction, Sir George Denberry-Baxter.

With this character, Mr. Priestley fairly lets himself go in two of the funniest scenes I personally have ever encountered in fiction; and that goes for Dickens, Wodehouse, Leacock and all the rest.

I have had to bring *The Good Companions* into this because *Let the People Sing* is of the same *genre* and because it is a long time since Mr. Priestley turned out anything of the sort. Also it gives me the opportunity to say that I think it is a better book. It has more comedy for one thing, and I have always regarded comedy as the author's strongest suit, principally because he, more than any living writer, is rooted in the English comic spirit.

When he lets himself go, his sense of fun can bubble, burst and be as crazy as the Crazy Gang. The competence, the consummate skill of it is that none of it is apparent. Mr. Priestley's humour is as broad as it is English; his irony and wit can be as subtle as Voltaire's.

Mr. Robert D. Q. Henriques' novel **NO ARMS, NO ARMOUR** (Nicholson and Watson. 8s. 6d.) has won a prize, together with some very high praise indeed from Mr. Frank Swinnerton. It might have been called "The Awakening of Tubby Windrush," for, when we first meet Mr. Windrush, we discover him to be a fairly ordinary specimen of a young man who has been to the Best of Schools, is serenely confident, and competent at huntin', fishin' and shootin', has a good seat on a horse and a good leg for a boot.

Tubby, in fact, has all the qualifications for a successful career in the Army though you might agree with the general that he was badly placed at the start in a light battery. . . . "You ought to be with horses. . . mules not much of a catch, I imagine?"

We must leave Mr. Windrush on the threshold for a moment to touch on the theme which interlocks with his more personal one. It is the life and spirit of the British Army, the tradition of which, according to the author, is to despise brains, and even to glory in a lack of them. Birth, breeding, a good-humoured arrogance and a moronic attitude to the larger issues of life are the essential qualifications for a successful career. The generals will see to it.

We must accept Mr. Henriques' premise, for his story stands or falls by it, and we prefer that it stands, for we like his firm, sensitive prose, his mastery of intricate character and the compelling sweep of his action. So powerfully does he use these gifts that we are almost convinced that the Army has indeed reverted to the standards of twenty-five years ago. But as one who served with, knew, understood and suffered from the type who made life a miserable hell for "Daddy" Watson I am shocked beyond measure to have to believe that in spite of everything that happened between 1914 and 1918 they are back in the saddle again.

We are not a military nation, but we have the knack of turning out victorious armies. Didn't somebody once say that with British soldiers and French officers they could conquer the world? However, the British soldier plays a very minor role in this story. Let us accept Mr. Henriques' officers as we find them.

Young Tubby Windrush was lucky in his brother officers. He, indeed, has all the luck, for none has attended their careers, except perhaps that of Mr. Bertrand, and even that excellent ranker can find it in his heart to wish he had stayed a sergeant-major. There was Sammy, the battery commander, "a man unbelievably human," an ascetic, a scholar, anything but a regulation soldier, from whom Tubby was to learn something of a mystical philosophy, whose life he was to see cut short by a sniper's bullet.

Then there was the most complex character of them all, "Daddy" Watson, who had commanded a battery in action; a young-old man, tied to his career for economic reasons, persistently blocked for promotion; a character who rises to one of the noblest moments in a dramatic episode in the story.

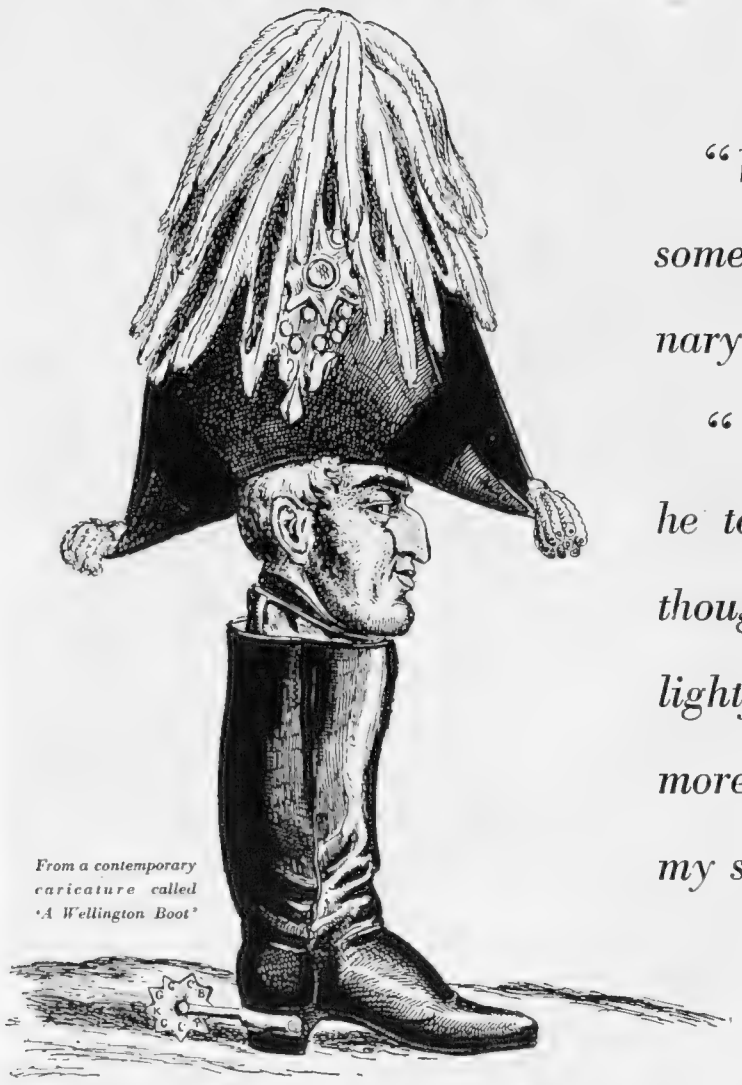
These are the formative influences in the development of Tubby from an easy-going moron who was all thumbs, innocence, and sub-conscious frustration in his relations with the frank, calculating, comfortably-off and equally virginal Lydia. Lydia, by the way, is a superb study of a very nice, very modern, girl.

The battery moves to the Sudan and treks to the Abyssinian border, in the description of which the author is at his most powerful best.

I have dealt with this book at length because it is patently the work of an author destined to become a great novelist.

With regret I find that I have left myself but little space to mention **ENGLISH SPINSTER** by Esther Meynell (Chapman and Hall. 8s. 6d.). It is the fictionised story of Mary Mitford, the gay and charming author of *Our Village*. Mrs. Meynell not only achieves a lovable portrait but sets it against the living background of a rural England that has passed away. Many famous literary figures come into the story, Cobbett, Wordsworth, Ruskin, Elizabeth Barrett Browning (whose Flush was a gift of Mary's), but the dominant figure is the handsome, selfish and dissolute Dr. Mitford, the father whom Mary never ceased to love and admire to the end of his long and useless life.

# Guinness at Waterloo



*From a contemporary caricature called 'A Wellington Boot'*

*"When I was sufficiently recovered to take some nourishment, I felt the most extraordinary desire for a glass of Guinness.*

*"Upon expressing my wish to the doctor, he told me I might take a small glass . . . I thought I had never tasted anything so delightful . . . I am confident that it contributed more than anything else to the renewal of my strength."*

From the diary of one of Wellington's officers, after he had been severely wounded at the Battle of Waterloo, June, 1815. Quoted in "Long Forgotten Days," by Ethel M. Richardson.

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Truly, there's nothing like a Guinness. Have one with your lunch or dinner today.

*The extract quoted above from a doctor's letter is published by special permission.*

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.554.

# REDUCING THE NIGHTLY TOLL OF THE ROADS

## If Suggestions Are To Be Made To the Recently Set Up Committee of Investigation, Let Them Be Practical Ones

**By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.**
*(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

OUR old friends, the Pedestrians Association, apparently has not seen fit to go into a state of hibernation, as so many clubs have done for the duration of the war. I have no information which tells me that they are more representative of the interests of pedestrians than they were before hostilities broke out. In fact, I doubt if their membership has increased.

Anyway, their suggestions which they are reported to have placed before the official committee which has been set up to investigate the serious increase in the number of road casualties, appear to be just as surprising as ever before. If the reports I have read are accurate, the Association suggests that there should be a 15 m.p.h. speed limit imposed during the period of the nightly black-out.

First of all, it is far from certain as to how any such speed limit could be enforced and, secondly, I should say it is exceedingly doubtful if any private motorist drives in excess of this speed during the black-out in towns where I imagine the casualties are most numerous. We are all glad, however, that an official committee on which motorists are represented has been brought into being, but I suggest that if they are really desirous of arriving at conclusions which will be effective when put into operation, the whole committee should set out one real dark night and drive their own cars for a couple of hours through the streets of any city or large town. If this were done one of their first recommendations would be that all moving and stationary obstacles should have distinctive lights to indicate their position on the highway and their nature.

The master of a ship when he sees lights at sea knows immediately what they indicate, and the engine-driver of a train is likewise left in no doubt whatever as to what the signal lights mean. The unfortunate motorist, however, who, in any case, runs much greater risks of colliding with people or obstacles on the road, is supposed to be able to tell when he sees a red light ahead and nothing else that it is the back of another car, a cyclist, an island, a traffic light, or a hole in the road. Even when he is confronted with a white light in front he cannot be certain whether he should pass it on the right or on the left. If this state of affairs were remedied and pedestrians could be brought to appreciate the fact that in a black-out they are quite invisible in the ordinary way the terrifying casualty lists with which we are at present confronted could be reduced in size.

Last week in these notes I mentioned that I had conducted some tuning experiments with the carburettor on my own car but that the results were far from being satisfactory. As mentioned then I took an opportunity of leaving the car at the service station of a carburettor manufacturer. I asked the manager to conduct his tuning experiments with the object of giving me the best petrol consumption possible, bearing in mind that I would not drive over 40 m.p.h. and that I wanted the engine to start reasonably well on cold mornings. I must say that the results have been highly satisfactory, for the car is now doing 61 miles to the gallon.

This figure is not arrived at by calculation after the car has covered a short distance of a mile or two. Obviously any figure obtained in that way might be quite fallacious. The result was ascertained by seeing how far the car would go with just four gallons of petrol in the tank. The actual route was that which I cover from my home to my office and to London, and included driving in London traffic and starting up from cold first thing in the morning. I should mention that in addition to never exceeding 40 m.p.h., I also put the car into neutral down any gradient which allows me to travel in that way at 30 m.p.h. or more.

**A USEFUL "HUN"** Motorists approaching this sign at night will, it is hoped, realise that they are at the junction of Huntercombe Lane, on the Bath Road, near Slough, and are not reading part of an anti-German slogan

A correspondent wrote to me the other day and asked me how he could determine with a fair degree of accuracy the number of miles to the gallon his car covered. Small auxiliary tanks can be purchased for carrying out m.p.g. experiments. The tank sometimes holds only a pint of petrol and may be graduated to indicate smaller quantities. A fitting such as this is extremely useful when it is desired to ascertain if any adjustment to the carburettor is giving more m.p.g. or less, but it is of little service when the car is being driven over give-and-take roads.

A great many cars are fitted with a reserve supply. Drive the car until the petrol runs dry with the tap on the main supply, immediately read the mileage, then turn the tap to the reserve and drive to the nearest petrol filling station, the distance being quite immaterial, provided of course it is not too much for the reserve supply. Take on board in the tank any desired number of gallons of petrol and drive until the supply dries up so that the reserve has again to be tapped. The mileage should again be read and the first figure subtracted from the second.

## THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHI

For ninety-six years the above Society has bee maintaining and training poor boys and girls, an giving them a 100 per cent. chance in life. The boys i the training ship *Arethusa* are being trained for a li at sea and will enter the Royal Navy or Merchant Nav Boys in the Homes are trained for definite trades, whi the girls are prepared for domestic service. This gre work urgently needs financial help and a special appe is being made to the readers of THE SPHERE to ser donations, large or small, to the Headquarters 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, from whi address they will be gratefully acknowledged.

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Autumn tints in the blended plaid of the all-wool tweed skirt 42/-

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Never mind the rain in this mackintosh, it's a keep-dry, look-smart one. The shoulders have a new squareness —the buttonholes a new slant. The hood is detachable, and you know how becoming white is. Rubberised artificial silk marocain, in navy/white, black/white, rust or brown. 75/-

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## —Or, a Quiet Night in Hertfordshire

**THE COMPERE:** Mr. C. Matania, a figure of wit who provided the audience with a "broad outline" of the show

**"NOW ALL TOGETHER, PLEASE":** To the doubtless nostalgic strains of "Home Town" everybody joined in with Mr. A. Henley, who contributed a selection of songs

**DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE CORNER:** A picture which might be more aptly titled "A Smile on the Face of the Tigers" on account of the large number of appreciative Departmental Heads visible in it

**"ANDANTE CON MOTO":** Miss Iris Bickerstaffe, whose brilliant abilities as a pianiste earned her the tremendous applause which she undoubtedly deserved

**SWEET SONGSTRESS:** Miss Sibyl Porter, the excellence of whose voice and the melody of the songs she sang pronounced her a most definite and much-encored sensation

**PIANO-ACCORDION SOLO:** Nor were the instrumentalists lacking in either numbers or prowess. Mr. E. Duffet is seen at a poignant moment during one of his renderings

**HISTRIONIC SECTION:** A tense moment in a sketch entitled *The Man with Many Friends*, during which both Miss Winifred Lewis and Mr. Sydney Norris betrayed hitherto well-hidden acting abilities

Pictures taken at a soirée given by the staff of Illustrated Newspapers at their war-time headquarters at Hazelwood, King's Langley, Herts., recently. Talent, never before suspected, manifested itself surprisingly, humorously and brilliantly, and the performers worked with a will to make the show the success which the audience deemed it to be.

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You cannot do better than send a SWAN to those on active service or in training. The SWAN played a great part in keeping open the 'lines of communication' during 1914-1918. And to-day it is a better pen than ever—strong, efficient and reliable, it is always 'at the ready' to keep in touch with home and friends.

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Terms from **4 gns.** *'Phone 1851 'Grams Sunny*

**BEACON HOTEL, CROWBOROUGH, SUSSEX**

This fine Country House Hotel, now under the personal direction of Mr. A. Edward Davis (late of Grosvenor House, London), is now open for the reception of those visitors who are appreciative of a first-class hotel amongst lovely surroundings.

Terms from **5 gns.** a week.

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Safety without Solitude! For we are only 6 miles from Eastbourne, and lie in 6½ acres of grounds off the London—Eastbourne road. We have all modern conveniences such as central heating and H. and C.: and as we are a Country Club as well, there is always congenial company.

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Just off the front and within a few paces of the Hove lawns, this first-class hotel will appeal to those who are appreciative of a high standard of comfort, cuisine, and service. Completely modernised and re-furnished, and under the personal direction of Mr. F. Kung (Swiss).

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A safe and sunny spot, self-contained (11 acres) and self-supporting—even to growing our own bacon. Horses to ride, tennis courts to play on, rabbits to shoot. Such is an indication of life at "the hotel with a country house atmosphere." Resident Props.: Mr. & Mrs. Eric Johnson. Tel. Ninfield 30.

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A Winter Sun-trap, sheltered from the North, in a peaceful reception area, and surrounded by good golf courses, this modernly equipped and long established hotel has always appealed to those people of good taste who seek relaxation from the travails of every-day life.

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**EASTON COURT, CHAGFORD, DEVON**

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Terms from **4½ gns.** a week

# In Quest of

## Comfortable Country Hotels London in Sussex

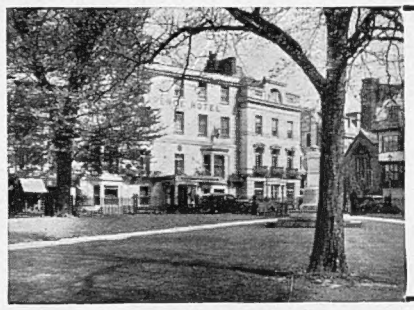
SERVICE "leave" and Christmas holidays are in the air. An increasing mail, a welcome sign after several weeks of lethargy, leads up to that type of inquiry which seeks a somewhere where one can for a few days forget war work and war surroundings.

This week I will take my cue from a letter which I received from a naval officer in which he told me he wanted to find a well-run country hotel about 50 miles from London where he and his wife would be certain of golf and good walking country during his leave.

As I anticipate there will be others on much the same sort of quest I cannot do better than list some of those places personally known to me, though in strict alphabetical order, so that I do not lay myself open to the accusation of partiality. In giving a potted description of each, I have taken into account access by rail or by road.

**Crowborough, Sussex.**—London 39 miles. Station, Crowborough. About an hour and a half from Victoria. Perched 800 ft. up on the edge of Ashdown Forest, Crowborough provides bracing pine-scented air, good golf, splendid walking country and two good hotels—the Beacon and the Crest. The former was closed for a time but since Mr. A. Edward Davis (late of Grosvenor House) purchased it, one can be assured of first-class catering and creature comforts. The Crest Hotel is equally first class, and under the direction of Mr. Eglington Adams (from the Royal British Hotel, Edinburgh) seems to be continuously adding something new to its prestige and popularity. Last year a lift was put in and this year an American lounge has been added. In either of these hotels those who in the past have wintered or spent Christmas in the bracing surroundings of, say, Buxton, Harrogate and Malvern will appreciate the tonic yet kindlier air of this selective Sussex town 800 ft. up.

**Ninfield, Sussex.**—London, 60 miles. Train to Sidley (Bexhill line) about 1 hour 40 mins. Ninfield itself is as old as the surrounding hills, and tucked away off the Bexhill-Lewes road is Moor Hall, an hotel with a country house atmosphere if ever there was one. The resident proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Eric Johnson, particularly foster this country house feeling. By day there's golf to be had at Cooden Beach (4 miles), High Wood (3 miles) and Bexhill (4½ miles). The East Sussex Hunt, harriers and beagles, often meet in the immediate neighbourhood, whilst in the 11 acres of grounds belonging to Moor Hall you can play tennis, ride, stroll or take a hand in milking the cows and feeding the pigs if you fancy yourself as an amateur farmer. In the evening there is a club bar, a radiogram for informal dances and in short a cheery environment. Certainly a good place to note for Christmas should this type of informal holiday appeal to you.



*In the quiet of the Cathedral Close*

Polished oak and panelled walls on the one hand, grill room, lifts and running water on the other. A fine example of an 18th-century English coaching house perfectly modernised. A place where eating and drinking is a real pleasure.

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*—the gateway to Devon. Write for brochure or 'phone: 4071-2.*

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No need to worry about petrol restrictions. We are only 37 minutes by train from Paddington. Fast and frequent service and 2 minutes walk from the station. Here you will find a homely hotel with crackling open fires in the public rooms, central heating and gas or electric fires in all bedrooms. Incidentally, *every bedroom has its own private bathroom.* Squash and Golf can be had at Sonning 2 miles away, and a hard Tennis Court in our own 12½ acres of grounds.

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**GROVE HALL HOTEL** TWYFORD - BERKS -

We occupy a restful setting with the green hills of South Devon as our vista, whilst two acres of grounds surround and supply us. The sea, too, is but five minutes away. The welcome of a well-built Georgian house, wide windowed and sunny—furnished with taste—and run by those who understand what good cooking and good beds really mean.

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**SIDMOUTH**

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Equipped with every necessary convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge.

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**THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS—the amenities and Mild Winter Climate of SIDMOUTH are well known.**

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## By ASHLEY COURTENAY

## Within Easy Reach of and Berkshire

**Twyford, Berkshire.**—London 33 miles. Frequent and fast trains to Paddington in 37 mins. A country house hotel two minutes from the station is Grove Hall. A favourite amongst those who have to journey regularly to London yet prefer a country life. An hotel rather unique in that every bedroom has its private bathroom. Hard tennis court in the grounds. Good 18-hole golf course at Sonning, also squash. An excellent hotel if you like an old-fashioned type of Christmas. Crackling open fires and chestnuts popping out of the grate, and plenty of warmth within if it's frosty or wet without.

**Washington, Sussex.**—London 48¾ miles. Nearest station, Worthing (12 miles) or Pulborough (8 miles) but Southdown through coaches from Victoria almost pass the door of Clematis Cottage Hotel. Here is something quite distinctive. It is an hotel run by resident proprietors experienced in hotel management. And yet the word hotel might be a misnomer, as there are no "spacious lounges" and trappings of the ordinary hotel. Actually it is a trio of three cottages fitted with all modern comforts, and so attractive that once you have been there you will return again and again. I know the cooking, the beds and the home-made cakes are three of the magnets which draw people back again but there is something more which defies me to express in words. Try out Clematis Cottage for a week-end. Be you in lazy or energetic mood you will like your sojourn at the foot of the South Downs and three miles from West Sussex Golf Course at Pulborough. Sussex is full of pleasant spots and though I am still impartial I have got a particularly soft spot for this haven of contentment so sweetly named.

### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

*Lieut.-Colonel W. G., Lancaster.*—Your inquiry is the more difficult because you have given me a limit of four miles from Gloucester. If you do not mind going a little farther afield, and it is always worth it for comfort, make a note of the following :— Gwynfa House Hotel, Painswick, 6½ miles from Gloucester (Mrs. A. St. John Roe). This is an unlicensed hotel but the extra distance would be worth it.

*Mrs. D., Kent.*—In reply to your postcard the following are good inexpensive hotels facing Kensington Gardens or Hyde Park. Court Royal Hotel, 105, Lancaster Gate, W.2, one of the M.F. North group of hotels. The Hotel Elizabeth, 12, Craven Hill Gardens, W.2. Small and admirably run by Mrs. Kenneth.

*Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor,* THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*


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# THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

*The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."*

### ENGLAND

**Aldeburgh.**—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
**Ashburton (S. Devon).**—Holne Park Hotel.
**Bath.**—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
**Bexhill-on-Sea.**—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
**Blackpool.**—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
**Bognor Regis.**—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
**Boscastle.**—Welltown Manor Guest Hse. Tel. 17
**Bournemouth.**—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
**Bournemouth.**—Hinton Firs Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Priory Hotel.
**Bournemouth.**—Tollard Royal.
**Brighton.**—The Kings Hotel.
**Brixham.**—Berry Head House Hotel. Tel. 3314.
**Budleigh Salterton.**—Rosemullion Hotel.
**Burley (New Forest).**—Burley Manor Hotel.
**Bushey.**—Bushey Hall Hotel.
**Cambridge.**—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
**Chagford.**—Easton Court.
**Chipping Campden.**—Cotswold Hse. Htl. Tel.330
**Crowborough (Sussex).**—Beacon Hotel.
**Crowborough (Sussex).**—The Crest Hotel.
**Droitwich.**—Raven Hotel.
**Dulverton (Som.).**—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
**Exeter.**—Royal Clarence Hotel.
**Goring-on-Thames.**—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
**Hailsham (Sussex).**—Woodside Hotel.
**Hove.**—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
**Leatherhead.**—The Red House Hotel.
**Looe.**—Boscarn Hotel.
**Lytham St. Annes.**—Clifton Arms Hotel.
**Lyme Regis.**—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
**Manchester.**—Bowdon Hydro.
**Mundesley-on-Sea (Norfolk).**—Manor Hse. Htl.
**Newquay.**—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
**Newton Ferrers (S. Devon).**—Sheiling Gst. Hse.
**Ninfield (nr. Battle).**—Moor Hall Hotel. Tel. 30
**Ockham.**—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
**Oxford.**—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
**Paignton.**—Ravenswood, Cliff Road.
**Penzance (Cornwall).**—Queen's Hotel.
**St. Leonard's-on-Sea.**—Royal Victoria Hotel.
**St. Margaret's Bay (Kent).**—The Granville Htl.
**Salisbury.**—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
**Sanderstead (Surrey).**—Selsdon Park Hotel.
**Scarborough.**—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
**Shaftesbury (Dorset).**—Coombe House Hotel.
**Sidmouth.**—Cedar Shade Hotel.
**Sidmouth.**—Victoria Hotel.
**Sidmouth.**—The Torbay Hotel.
**Sidmouth.**—The Royal Glen Hotel. Phone 221

### ENGLAND—*continued*

**Tintern.**—Beaufort Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Headland Hotel.
**Torquay.**—Lincombe Hall. Tel. 2302.
**Torquay.**—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
**Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).**—Waterbeach Hotel.
**Tunbridge Wells.**—The Spa Hotel.
**Twyford (Berks.).**—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 109.
**Washington (Sussex).**—Clematis Cottage Hotel.

### GREAT NORTH ROAD

*(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)*

**Catterick** (229).—Bridge House Hotel.
**Sutton-on-Trent** (133½).—Old England Hotel.

### ENGLISH LAKES

**Keswick.**—Queen's Hotel.
**Keswick.**—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
**Keswick.**—Royal Oak Hotel.

### LONDON

Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7
Stafford Hotel, St. James's Place, S.W.1
United Services Hotel. S.W.7. Tel. Wes. 7131.

### SCOTLAND

**Tomintoul (Banffshire).**—Richmond Arms Htl.

### WALES

**Llandudno.**—Imperial Hotel. Facing sea.
**Llangollen.**—The Hand Hotel.
**Tan-y-bwlch.**—Oakeley Arms Hotel.

### NORTHERN IRELAND

**Belfast.**—Grand Central Hotel.
**Rostrevor.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

### EIRE

**Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).**—Ross's Hotel.
**Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).**—Royal Hotel.
**Greenore.**—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
**Greystones (Co. Wicklow).**—Grand Hotel.
**Kingstown (Co. Dublin).**—Royal Marine Hotel.


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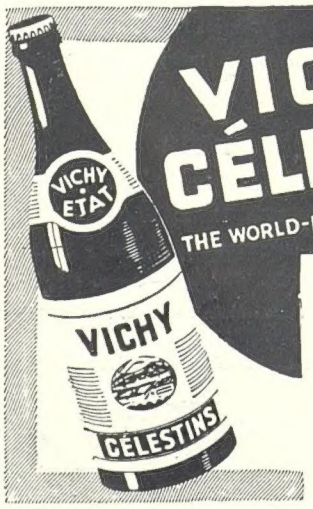


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PRINTED IN ENGLAND by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE LIMITED, *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C.4, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.—*November* 18, 1939. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.